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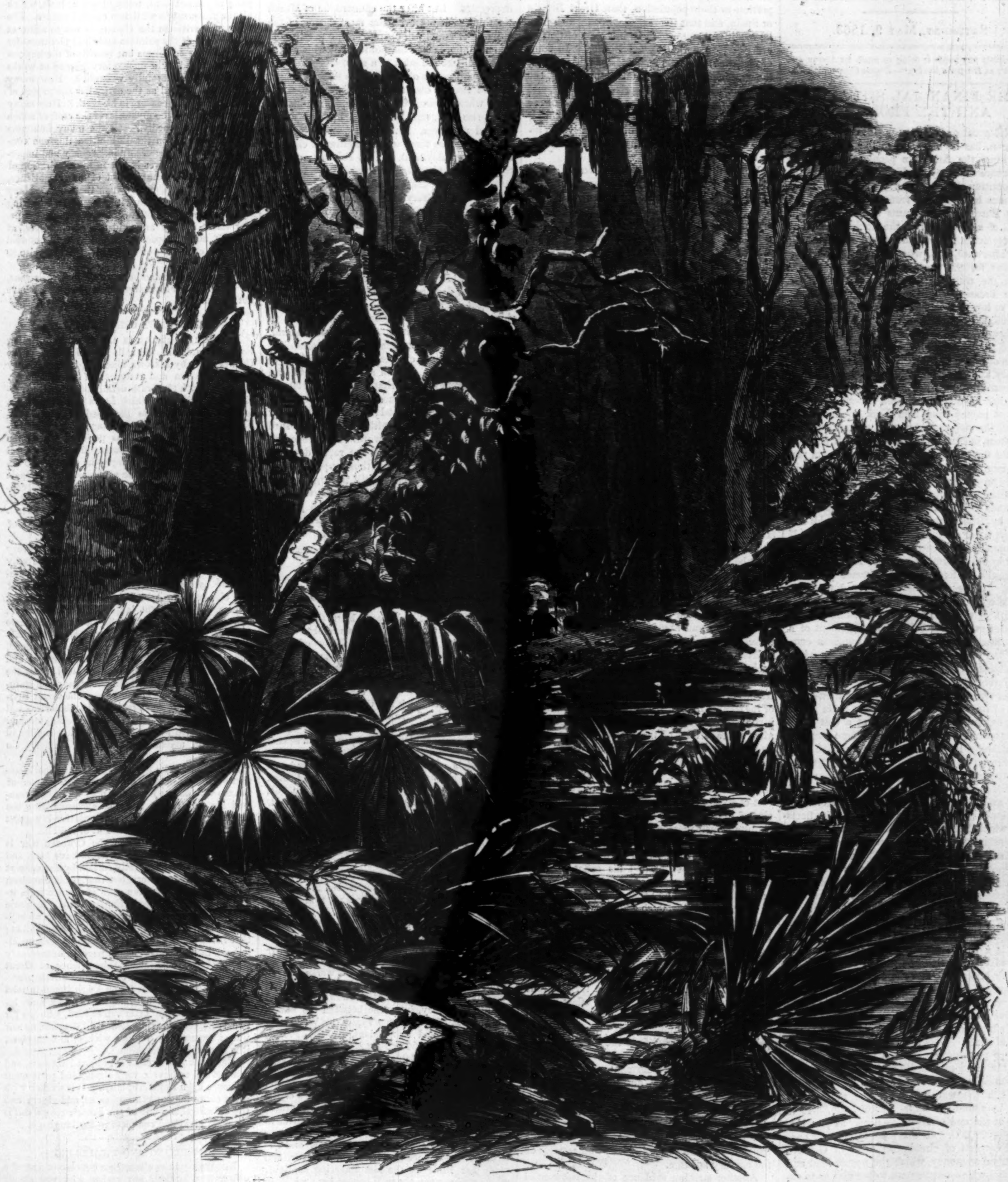

ON PICKET DUTY IN THE SWAMPS OF LOUISIANA.—[SEE PAGE 302.]

A WARNING.

We will remember it—England's "neutrality"—
We who have witnessed her cowardly craft;
Friendly in seeming—a foe in reality,
Wiping her eyes while she inwardly laughed.

We will remember when round us were lying
Thousands of gallant men, wounded and dead,
Rebels on all sides our pathway defying—
"Down with our Rival!" was all England said.

We will remember her sham aristocracy,
Cheerful and jubilant over our fall;
Helping when Treason would stifle democracy,
Turning a deaf ear to Liberty's call.

We will remember with lasting emotion,
When her starved workmen were gasping for breath,
While stores of grain *we* sent over the ocean,
Her ships came laden with weapons of death!

We will remember the *Keokuk* sinking,
Riddled with balls "neutral England" had sent;
We will remember her laughing and winking,
Feasting arch-traitors on board of the *Trent*.

We will remember it when we are stronger,
When once again we stand saved and erect;
Her neutral mask shall shield England no longer,
By her foul deeds she'll know *what to expect!*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1863.

"Scarcely any paper is doing so much for UNION and LIBERTY as *Harper's Weekly*."—*Boston Commonwealth.*

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION AND THE PROSPECT.

THE great question, ever since this war began, has been one of money. Every one who knew the American people was from the first aware that they would fight, and that, without counting the natives, a large army could at all times be mustered from the ranks of the needy European immigrants who come here in search of a living. But the doubtful point at the commencement of the war, and for a long time afterward, was, whether means could be obtained for the prosecution of a great war. When the traitor Cobb resigned the United States Treasury Department, the public credit stood so low that Government could not borrow $10,000,000; and leading banking houses shortly afterward refused to abide by their bids for a United States loan, on the ground that the secession of South Carolina had dissolved the confederacy known as the United States. The interest on the public debt due January 1, 1861, could not have been paid but for spontaneous offers of money from New York bankers, who deemed the risk they ran great enough to warrant them in charging twelve per cent. per annum for the money they lent, in an easy six per cent. money market. Foreign opinion unanimously pronounced against our financial future. As we had seldom built a railway without sending bonds to England for sale, it was easily decided by British publicists that we could not conduct a war without British capital; and leading journals confidently announced that if England would steadfastly refuse to lend us money we should be forced to make peace in a few weeks. Thus at home and abroad the very poorest opinion was entertained of the financial strength of the nation. It is probable that no financier ever undertook the management of a more discredited and seemingly hopeless concern than was the United States Treasury when it passed into the hands of SALMON P. CHASE, on 4th March, 1861.

Over two years have elapsed since then—two years of incessant war, waged on a scale previously unknown to history, and at a cost compared to which previous wars were mere guerrilla skirmishes. For at least a year we have kept four armies in the field, each of them greater than the average force of the armies with which Marlborough, Washington, and Napoleon waged war; and three naval squadrons, each of them superior in guns, men, and tonnage to the fleets with which Nelson ruled the seas, and the western powers of Europe, at a later day, so imposingly assailed Sebastopol and Cronstadt. These two years of war have not been years of uniform success for the national cause. Our defeats have been almost as numerous as our victories, and during nearly half this period the prospect, to men of weak nerve, has seemed doubtful and gloomy.

It is a fact, however, that, notwithstanding the bad credit which the nation enjoyed when the war broke out, and the enormous expenditures which have been incurred in its prosecution, we have paid every dollar of the expense without borrowing from abroad, and our credit stands better now than it ever did since the old days of peace. This is a fact so astounding, in view of past history and the present prospect, that the mind can hardly realize it without reflection.

When the war broke out the public debt was, in round numbers, $90,000,000. It is now, at the end of April, as nearly as possible, $1,000,000,000. Of this sum, rather over one-third consists of circulating notes of Government, paper-money, which the people hold and use, and which has become so popular as to exclude, in many localities, the old bank-notes; rather less than another third is funded debt; and the balance is certificates of deposit and indebtedness, payable either on call or within twelve months—a form of indebtedness apparently liable to become troublesome, but in reality, as is well understood by persons familiar with what statisticians call the law of averages, about as permanent, in ordinary times, as any funded debt.

If the war ended now, the United States, with a population of over 30,000,000 and a gross revenue of about $300,000,000, would find themselves encumbered with a debt of $1,000,000,000. If the war lasts another year the burden will be swelled to $1,600,000,000. If it lasts two years, to $2,250,000,000. Assuming that it does last two years more, the following table will show the relative position of the United States and some of the leading countries of Europe:

Countries.	Debt.	Population.	Revenue.
Great Britain..	$4,000,000,000	28,000,000	$275,000,000
France........	1,375,000,000	40,000,000	300,000,000
Austria.......	900,000,000	37,000,000	125,000,000
Russia........	1,100,000,000	55,000,000	165,000,000
Spain.........	700,000,000	15,000,000	75,000,000
United States..	2,250,000,000	30,000,000	300,000,000

It will thus be seen, that after having waged the most tremendous war ever known in the world for two years more, the United States would still have, in 1865, a lighter burden to bear, in proportion to their population, than Great Britain or Spain, and that the revenue, upon which public credit will rest, would be in excess of that of every foreign nation except France. In point of fact, in view of the resources of this country, the enormous amount of unoccupied land, the undeveloped fields for enterprise and capital, and the universal prosperity in ordinary times of the American people, a debt of $10 a head could, in all probability, be borne more lightly by citizens of the United States than one of $5 a head by citizens of Europe.

When the history of this war comes to be written, no part of it will attract more attention or command more admiration than the chapters which relate to finance. It is quite likely that the future historian will be as extravagant in applause of Mr. Chase as some of our newspapers are noisy in abuse of him. Most certainly no previous financial Minister—not even Necker, Pitt, Morris, or Hamilton—ever achieved so much with so little capital to start upon.

If any one had predicted, in May, 1861, that after two years' war, at an expense of $900,000,000, citizens of the United States would offer money to Government at ordinary rates of interest, he would have been set down as a fool. Yet the fact is that people are carrying their money to the Sub-treasuries, and begging Government to take it, at the rate of about $3,000,000 a day; and the subscriptions to the Bonds known as five-twenties, the poorest bond ever offered to the public by Government, are actually in excess of the capacity of the Treasury Department to supply the Bonds. People have to wait a fortnight after paying their money to get their Bonds. In comparison with the spontaneous tender of millions daily by the people of the United States, how pitiful do the famous negotiations of Necker, Pitt, Hamilton, and Napoleon the Third appear! If public men must be judged by success, in the cabinet as in the field, Mr. Chase will have few rivals in history.

The issue of paper-money, which commenced last year, has been the subject of much discussion at home and abroad. The enemies of the Government here and in Europe pronounced it a fatal error, and predicted that the "greenbacks" would follow the way of the French assignats and the Continental Money. Even the friends of the issue only justified it on the ground of inexorable necessity, and did not deny that it involved inconveniences and dangers. But now, after a year's trial of the system, an impartial judge must decide that it has worked well, and that the incidental evils which it has involved bear no proportion whatever to the benefits which it has conferred. It has increased the cost of living, and the market value of all articles of use, necessity, and luxury. But it has simultaneously increased, and to a much greater extent, the capacity of consumers to pay for these articles. If the poor man pays more for his tea and his sugar and his coffee and his clothes, his labor commands much higher wages, and all the articles he produces, by agricultural or mechanical labor, fetch a higher price. Never has there been a time when labor was in so great demand throughout the country as now; never a time when an industrious, frugal man could live better on his wages, and save more, notwithstanding the high price of all articles of consumption. This lively market for all kinds of labor springs directly from the effect of the issues of paper-money; which, coursing through the country like summer rains through parched fields, have given new life to the land, developed agriculture and industry, generated enterprise in regions which were dormant, and enormously increased production and traffic. One only needs to glance at the monthly returns of railway traffic—which show an average increase over last year of nearly 50 per cent.—to perceive how prodigious an impetus these paper-money issues have given to the industry and activity of the country at large.

Another striking evidence of the substantial benefit which these paper-money issues have conferred upon the country, and especially upon the working classes, may be discovered in the progress of immigration from Europe. The immigration this year will be largely in excess of that of any previous year. The agent of a leading line of steamers states that he is receiving more money for passages from Liverpool to New York than he ever received before: though the money being paid here costs the party who pays it $$7\frac{25}{100}$ per £1 sterling, instead of $5, as formerly. Our Irish citizens certainly have no fears of the future of this country, and are better able than ever to help their friends to come here.

As to the collapse of the currency, so confidently predicted by foreigners and Copperheads, we are inclined to think that the March panic in gold has modified their views on this subject. People who held gold at 170 when it fell to 138, without any Union victories or other palpable cause, have the best of reasons for entertaining a good opinion of the currency. They are not likely to be caught again in the same scrape. Gold may and probably will rise again, as the tide of speculation ebbs and flows. But when it reaches the neighborhood of 170 he will be a bold man who will care to hold any of the precious metal overnight. Paper-money may be a very bad thing, and the currency may, according to all law and precedent, be bound to depreciate. But after the catastrophe of March we think that not even the most daring of the children of Israel will operate for the rise in gold when it approaches the point from which it so lately fell like the stick of a rocket.

The philosophy of Mr. Chase's issues of paper can be readily discerned. In European countries, where commerce was sluggish, industrial enterprise dull, and there were but few undeveloped resources, issues of paper depreciated rapidly because there was no legitimate channel for their employment. This country, on the contrary, has always been marked by a feverish activity in mercantile, industrial, and agricultural circles. Every body here is a worker and a producer, and every body hitherto has found his work and his production limited by a want of money. Mr. Chase's issues have supplied the deficiency; and the money which in Austria or Turkey or South America would have accumulated idly in bank, and sunk in value from the want of demand for it, has here been greedily sought after by men who had mills to erect, ships to build, steam-engines to make, land to open, factories to start, railroads to extend, canals to dig, commercial houses to establish, and all manner of lucrative enterprises to found or further. On an aggregate paper and specie currency of perhaps $350,000,000 we worked along, leaving many of our most valuable resources undeveloped; and neglecting, for want of money, opportunities which were sure of yielding a handsome reward. A currency of $1,000,000,000 will insure the rapid development of those resources and those opportunities, and the profits thus reaped will in large part be invested in Government securities, and will thus strengthen the Government credit, and protect the paper-money issued by the Treasury from depreciation.

THE LOUNGER.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

AT the National Gallery we learn through the ears as well as the eyes. It was useful to hear a criticism upon No. 240, Parson's *Bridge of Sighs*. "What!" said one spectator; "Bridge of Sighs? What does that mean? Have you ever been in Venice?" he asked of his companion. "Never," replied the other. "Well," continued the first, "that is about as much like the Bridge of Sighs as it is like your hat." In No. 254 Mr. De Hass has a quiet, characteristic view in Rotterdam. It recalls the drowsy old Dutch town, and Hood's poem written from Rotterdam to the girl he left behind him, and is one of those pleasingly-colored and suggestive pictures which hold the eye and mind with a vague spell of gentle interest. No. 265, *The Balcony*, is a Spanish figure by George H. Hall. Mr. Hall's secret sympathy with the characteristic aspects of Spanish life give a value to every subject of this kind which he treats. In this little work the olive skin, the brilliant eyes, the fan, the mantilla, are, of themselves, Spain. No. 270, *A Boy Reading*, is one of Mr. Furness's subdued and effective sketches. No. 278, a cluster of golden grapes, admirably done, firm in form and transparent in color, by Mrs. H. P. Gray. It is no technical "good-for-a-lady" work, but an honest study skillfully painted. Mr. G. C. Lambdin, in 285, paints a page from nursery life, *Cherries are Ripe, give the Baby one.* It has the sweet sentiment that distinguishes all his works.

Some thirty or forty small pictures of various subjects and excellence, but all showing care, and feeling, and fancy, intervene between the Lambdin and No. 323, *Gathering Fagots*, by W. J. Hennessy. This, and its pendant, No. 334, *Passing Away*, and No. 361, *The First Day Out*, are characteristic specimens of this artist. They are all very small works, but there is a striking tenderness and depth of feeling in them. The sombre hue of No. 323 is harmonious with the simple pathos of the subject: a poor old woman with her back turned, painfully stooping, and feebly picking up sticks at the edge of a wood, while the chill evening comes on. In 334 the old woman, not so poor and forlorn, sits by a dormer window in an attic, and reads her Bible by the last lingering sunlight, which strikes upon the wall behind her; while, in No. 361, the aged, wrinkled grandam holds up by a handkerchief the tottering child, who is for the first time stepping from the door. These are little works of peculiar promise—as all talent is promise. The color is not without crudity, and the painter has studied Frere; but he has studied him from sympathy, not from a fascination which results in mere imitation. Nos. 325, *Reading the Extra*, and 346, *Going Home in the Snow*, are two of the character sketches for which Mr. Staigg is well known. They are simple, expressive, easily and skillfully done, and full of expression. Mr. Gray, in No. 335, seizes the musical picture of Drake's *Origin of the American Flag*, and translates it into spirited form and color. There is a fine dashing movement in the erect figure of Freedom, which echoes the ring of the famous lines. Near by, in No. 331, Mr. Kensett indulges in a *Reminiscence of Lake George*, whose transparent tranquillity is a spell of dreams upon the spectator. Eternal summer calm broods upon the place where this picture hangs.

The small room is full of small works, many more of which will yet doubtless call for mention and praise. Meanwhile, let us remember how much patient labor and sincere study are represented in pictures which do not greatly impress us, or which seem to be positively poor; and especially ought we critics, who stand before them with the dreadful pencil in our hands—especially ought we to remember that nothing is easier than to ridicule a work which is really excellent, and give a pang to the generous, toiling heart at least, which all the pleasure of a witticism can not excuse. The office of a critic in the Gallery is not to shine at the expense of the painters and their pictures—for what are our criticisms but records of the impressions produced by a momentary glance at works that have been carefully wrought? How many of us have studied as the artist has the aspect of Nature which we censure in his work? How many of us understand the mysteries of the craft of which we speak so learnedly? Of the many Loungers who discourse upon the Exhibition this one confesses that his sense of any inadequacy and imperfection in the pictures is lost in his admiration of the long and brilliant record of study, patience, and skill which is spread upon the walls. Many of these works are the witnesses of an inspiring self-sacrifice and devotion, if not of genius or superior talent. They are evidence of character, at least, if not of capacity. So if you do not find what you came for you may get something else as valuable.

We hope to take another turn through the rooms, for we remember several pictures of which we have not spoken.

KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR.*

KINGLAKE'S history is the most humiliating book for England. He calls it the Invasion of the Crimea, but, by his own showing, it is the story of the invasion and conquest of British honor. Exposing with elaborate detail and relentless precision the crime by which Louis Napoleon and a few other conspirators possessed themselves of France in the night, delineating him as a charlatan and coward, as well as perjurer—as a man whose conduct and career outraged the self-respect of every gentleman in Europe—he proceeds to depict with the same terrible vividness the spectacle of England tied to the conquering car of this conspirator, and the honor of the proud English nobility not revolting at his success in entering Windsor Castle with all the customary ceremonials of an equal monarch—good friend and brother.

With a blush of shame that glows upon every page, this English gentleman describes the wily policy by which the British Cabinet was bamboozled by the French adventurer. He tells of the bloody blow which Louis Napoleon struck France, that it might laugh at him no longer; how France awoke on the 3d December, 1851, to find every famous general of her armies, every distinguished statesman of the country, imprisoned, and a half dozen men masters of her destiny; and then his reluctant but indignant pencil traces the outline of the scene in which with that same stained hand Louis Napoleon welcomes the proud British peer, Fitzroy Somerset, at the Tuileries, and presents him, the chosen friend of Wellington and beloved British soldier, to his own accomplice in perjury and massacre, St. Arnaud, formerly Le Roy.

At this point the fiery indignation of the historian flames out, and he imagines the gentlemen of France who do not know the man who has massacred his way to the Tuileries apostrophizing the English gentlemen whose representative is a guest at the Tuileries with the consent of Britain.

Mr. Kinglake's theory of the Crimean war is that it was a quarrel which should have been and would have been peacefully settled by the concert of the four great powers, but that Louis Napoleon was obliged to divert the eyes of France from itself, and therefore forced England into a separate alliance, and made war necessary, by the ascendency of his talent over that of the British Cabinet; that there was no reason whatever for such an alliance; that its consequences were an unnecessary war and the obsequious subservience of Great Britain to the necessities of a French adventurer.

A more painful work for an Englishman to read and ponder we can not imagine. And a more ludicrous work for an American to read, who has for two years been hearing John Bull denouncing our war as unnecessary, foolish, wicked, and hopeless, it is impossible to mention.

The work has excited a profound interest, and can not fail to have a very strong and permanent influence upon English opinion. It is written with great earnestness, picturesqueness, and vigor; and the episodical account of the French *coup d'état* is the most vivid and complete in our language.

FIGHTING AND TWADDLING.

BECAUSE you can't make a peach-tree out of a quince-tree, is there any reason why you should not get it to bear the best quinces possible? If the Lord has made the African race and all colored men so essentially and utterly inferior to the pale races, is there any harm in helping them to do all they can do? Because a man shows no symptom of rivaling Newton or surpassing Shakespeare, must he therefore be degraded, despised, and outraged, and what capacity the Lord *has* given him be hopelessly extinguished? Why, good Sir, who are so busily declaring that colored men were made to be kicked and cuffed by white men, suppose that we all got our deserts how would you and I fare? If what you call superior capacity is to relegate all inferior capacities to contempt and permanent deprivation of common human rights, you and I are in a bad way, *for* there are plenty of people who are in every point our superiors.

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* Just published by Harper & Brothers.

The Lord has made negroes to be slaves, declare the slaveholding doctors, and you must not try to make soldiers of them: you can not do it if you would, and if you could they would be good for nothing. That was a pretty enough argument until the facts knocked it to pieces. For in no engagement in which the colored soldiers have taken part have they shown themselves in any way inferior to the best. Here, *for* instance, by the recent arrival from New Orleans, we learn that one hundred and eighty of the Louisiana black Union soldiers routed a force of three hundred rebel cavalry and a company of infantry. The black Louisianians, late slaves and others, took a set of colors from the retreating white chivalry. You may read it in the correspondence of a paper which editorially assures us that no colored soldiers can be raised, and that when they are raised they will not fight! Let us know the place where they have had a chance and have not fought.

But while those who do fight fight well, there is no better proof of the common sense and common humanity of the colored men than that they are in no great haste to flock in multitudes and fight for those who studiously insult and despise them. We should think him a pretty poor Yankee who was very anxious to take up the cudgels for a man who incessantly told him that he was the scum and offscouring and lees and nasty refuse of creation, and who took care that he should be believed by spitting in the Yankee's face, and kicking him, and knocking him down, and insisting upon his working forever without wages. If, despite all this, the Yankee should take up arms and fight for his abuser, we should say either he is the best and most heroic of men, or he is the meanest-spirited dastard that ever lived.

FROM A DIARY.

It was a good meeting this afternoon in Madison Square, although the air was chilly and the sky threatening. Scott made a capital figure-head; but how utterly factitious the enthusiasm for the old gentleman is! In consideration of his unquestioned services we agree to treat him as if we thought him a great man, for somebody must play that part. No king in the world looks so well as Scott did, dressed in full black with a broad blue ribbon, and bowing his towering white head to the crowd. I was standing in the crowd listening to John Van Buren, and observed near me Jones, who was attending in the next crowd to the speaker at the next stand. Jones I have long known as a man of moderate, sensible views, as becomes one who has large interests at stake. Smith was near him, one of the Harrington breed of loyal men.

"Hallo!" said Smith, "nobody's making a speech here worth hearing but John Van Buren."

"I am very well content," replied Jones.

"Who is that?" asked Smith.

"Jobson," answered Jones.

"Pshaw! a d—d Abolitionist," sneered Smith.

"Yes," said Jones, in an audible voice, and turning his great square shoulders so as to confront the other, and looking him straight in the eyes—"Yes, and every man here who is not a d—d Abolitionist is a d—d traitor."

Smith stared blankly, but said nothing more.

Certainly no phrase ever did so much service as the one by which Smith described Jobson. I was dining at S.'s the other day, when F. turned round to J. at the table, and said, half bitterly:

"I will take a hundred shares if you will only kill off these —— Abolitionists and stop the war."

J. burst out into a loud laugh. "Don't you think it a little late in the day to talk such rubbish as that? You've used that phrase all your life, and you haven't the least idea what you're talking about. There isn't a man at this table who can tell what an Abolitionist is, except that he is a man who hates slavery, which is only another way for saying that he is a man. And as for bringing on the war, why, I remember, my dear F., when Yancey came to the Cooper Institute in the last campaign, and gave fair warning that if he and his party didn't succeed they'd raise Ned: and the next day you gave a hundred dollars to the side for which he spoke. You gave a good many other hundred dollars during the canvass, and each one was a premium upon rebellion. Yancey went straight home and said, 'They're all right at the North. F. has given a thousand dollars for our success. Whatever we do he'll wink at it.' You're a pretty man to talk about stopping the war by killing off other folks. If you and your kind had said to Yancey and his kind, 'None of that talk! We're not going to roast our pig by burning the house down,' he would have shrugged his shoulders, gone home, and said, 'We can't count upon 'em,' and there would have been no war. No, my dear F., when Jeff Davis and Toombs and the rest began to secede, it wasn't Garrison or Wendell Phillips they relied upon; it was you gentlemen in New York and elsewhere who had given them reason to suppose that they might rely upon you. And as for ending the war by killing off, you had better apply the method to the smaller number, not to the greater. It would take you a dreadfully long day to count the d—d Abolitionists."

F. smiled good-naturedly, and replied, "Why, I really believe you are one of them," in such a cheerful tone that it was perfectly clear *he* was. And I, who remember a score of years of dining out in New York, can not be enough amazed at what I constantly hear and see.

BROADWAY.

BROADWAY is clearly doomed to have a railroad; but whether it shall be for Mr. George Law's profit or for that of the city are questions in dispute. What special services Mr. Law has rendered the city or the State that he should prevail against the strongly-expressed wishes of the powerful proprietors upon Broadway and the general sentiment of the city does not appear. In what way his supremacy over Broadway is to lighten the taxes is also not evident. In fact, who is to gain by the enterprise, except some stage companies, the Legislators who have received money, *if* any have received money, and Mr. George Law, are questions that remain open for answering.

It is the universal impression, which may be a universal mistake, that neither the necessity of the street, nor the desire of the property owners upon it, but the lobbying of Mr. Law, has carried his bill through the Legislature. On the other hand, the grant to the Harlem Company under their charter secures an income to the city. Every citizen, of course, gives his sympathy and interest to the Harlem project. Doubtless, whichever prevails, the traveling public will be equally accommodated and the road equally well laid. But it is a good thing to lighten taxes at the same time, and it is a bad thing to know that the convenience of the city of New York is at the mercy of any man, however rich, however much of a public benefactor, however eminent and honorable, he may be.

IN RE THE EMPEROR OF CHINA'S NAVY.

ONE of the most faithful and influential friends of this country in Great Britain writes to the Lounger as follows:

"I am not surprised that you should be irritated at the ship-building for the Confederates in British yards; it is shameful and unworthy of British merchants, and our Government has, in my opinion, shown culpable remissness in putting the law in force. I do not, however, believe that there has been on the part of the Government any intentional violation of neutrality. I am happy to say that the feeling in this country on the subject among all who favor the North is exceedingly strong, and, I presume, has already found expression in adequate terms at a meeting which was to have taken place at Manchester on Monday, but of which I have not yet seen the report. Indeed I have no doubt that the Government are now resolved to do their duty firmly, and as an earnest of this I refer you to a dispatch of Lord Russell's in the *Daily News* which I send you, on the Peterhoff question; this, I think, should give satisfaction. I wish also to call your attention to a speech by the Duke of Argyle, made a few days ago at Leith."

It was at the meeting mentioned by our correspondent that Professor Goldwin Smith of Oxford made an admirable speech to the effect that, whenever Great Britain declines to enforce a municipal law of her own which is contravened to the injury of a friendly power, it is the indication of an unfriendly spirit upon her part. Whether the unfriendliness is positive hostility must be determined by the circumstances.

That Great Britain, however, does not wish to have it so regarded is clear enough from her awakening activity to detain the cruisers of his Majesty the Emperor of China.

ANTI-STROPHE.

THERE is always a prosaic as well as a poetic view of any subject, even of royal weddings, as this good-humored parody of Tennyson's nuptial ode shows. It is a contribution to the West Philadelphia *Hospital Register:*

THE LAUREATE'S ODE.

AFTER TENNYSON.

Welcome thee! Welcome thee! Welcome thee!
Alexandra!
Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen are we:
Dane of the feminine gender is she,
Alexandra!
Welcome her fog! Welcome her sleet!
Welcome her little boys out in the street!
London's mire and mud, stick to her feet;
Muddy her, muddy her, muddy her—Greet![*]
Up umbrellas up! Break cloud that lowers;
Anoint her fair head with plentiful showers;
Welcome her, welcome her, welcome her Dow'rs![†]
From the top of her head to her heel she is ours,
Alexandra.
Blow trumpet, and bugle, and cornet and fife;
Crowd, men, and crush women out of their life,
And flutter and sputter and mutter and blare;
And thunder and blunder and wonder and stare!
Fat Britons, uncover—leave every poll bare,
Wave out the bandanas in the moisty March air!
Pull at the bell; pull, till all your arms tire,
Shout, scream, and run as you would to a fire,
Anglo Saxons; ne'er mind how much you perspire,
Welcome her; welcome her; family and sire!
Thunder!
Alexandra.
Sea King's Daughter, a Wale'ess must be,
A palpable truth as A, B, C, D.
John Bull's as happy as happy can be:
Happy, happier—happiest she!
Alexandra.

TWO VIEWS OF DIXIE.

THE London *Atheneum*, one of the most amusingly anti-American periodicals in England, can not bolt all the stuff that is served up to John Bull in the cause of the "Confederates." A certain Hudson, "Juris utriusque Doctor," has published in London a book upon *The Second War of Independence in America*, translated by the author from the second revised and enlarged German edition. The point of the performance is that slavery is happiness, slaveholders patriarchs, and the South heaven. It is not a new tune, but it jars upon the *Atheneum*, which thus disposes of a very silly book:

"No unprejudiced reader will refrain from laughing at this flattering picture of life in Dixie's Land, where there is actually no literature whatever superior to pro-slavery journalism, no science higher than that 'social science' which left the New Orleans jail what Mr. Russell found it, no politics apart from a fierce determination to keep black serfs in firm bondage—where refined taste expresses itself in deep drinking, 'elevated social intercourse' is tempered by dueling, and appreciation of what is noble manifests itself in incessant calumny of England and the English. When the Southerners were being injured by the misrepresentations and fictions of abolition enthusiasts, we did our best to expose the falsehood of statements which were misleading our countrymen; and now that pro-slavery cant is making itself heard with corresponding influence, and aims at depreciating the labors of the philanthropists whom Clarkson and Wilberforce led on to victory, we are equally prompt in giving it its right name. We can assure Southern writers that the tone which has of late become prevalent among them will fail to achieve its object, as far as English opinion is concerned. It is true that just now there is a fashion in England with careless and frivolous people to profess admiration for 'the patriarchal character' of American slavery, but it is the folly of 'a season.' It will soon die out, and in the mean time it will not touch the strong hatred of 'the peculiar institution' which lives in the heart of our race."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A HEART THAT CAN FEEL FOR ANOTHER.—"I give and bequeath to Mary, my wife, the sum o' one hunder pounds a year," said an old farmer. "Is that written down, measter?" "Yes," replied the lawyer; "but she is not so old—she may marry again. Won't you make any change in that case? Most people do." "Ay, do they?" said the farmer. "Well, write again, and say that if my wife marries again, I will give and bequeath to her the sum of two hunder pounds a year. That'll do, won't it, measter?" "Why, it's just doubling the sum she would have if she remained unmarried," said the lawyer. "It is generally the other way—the legacy is lessened if the widow marries again." "Ay," said the farmer, "but him as gets her'll desarve it."

"Why don't you wear your ring, my dear?" said a father in a ball-room to his daughter. "Because, papa, it hurts me when any one squeezes my hand." "What business have you to have your hand squeezed?" "Certainly none; but still, you know, papa, one would like to keep it in squeezable order."

A cockney tourist met a Scottish lassie going barefoot toward Glasgow. "Lassie," said he, "I should like to know if all the people in these parts go barefoot?" "Part on 'em do, and part on 'em mind their own business," was the rather settling reply.

At the battle of Trafalgar a generous British sailor, seeing a brother tar bleeding profusely from a severe wound, ran to his assistance. He had no sooner raised him from the deck than the wounded man said, "Thank you, Jack, and I'll be glad to do the same for you before the fight is over."

Jones and Brown were talking lately of a young clergyman whose preaching they had heard that day. The sermon was like a certain man mentioned in a certain biography, "very poor and very pious." "What do you think of him?" asked Brown. "I think," said Jones, "he did much better two years ago." "Why, he didn't preach then," said Brown. "True," replied Jones; "that is what I mean."

An actor named Priest was playing at one of the principal theatres. Some one remarked at the Garrick Club that there were a great many men in the pit. "Probably clerks who have taken Priest's orders," said Mr. Poole, one of the best punsters, as well as one of the cleverest comic satirists of the day.

One of the Kembles made his first appearance on the stage as an opera-singer. His voice was, however, so bad, that at a rehearsal the conductor of the orchestra called out, "Mr. Kemble! Mr. Kemble! you are murdering the music!" "My dear Sir," was his quiet rejoinder; "it is far better to murder it outright at once than to keep on beating it like you do."

An angry woman, in order to be revenged on her husband, ripped the tick off the bed, and sent all the feathers afloat in the air, and then rushing to the balusters of the stairs, and breaking her arm upon them, she exclaimed, with insane energy, "Now, you scoundrel, you must pay a surgeon."

"Well, Jane, this is a queer world," said Joe to his wife. "A sect of women philosophers has just sprung up." "Indeed," said Jane; "and what do they hold?" "The strongest thing in nature," said he—"their tongues!"

That was a pretty conceit of a romantic husband and father whose name was Rose, who named his daughter "Wild," so that she grew up under the appellation of "Wild Rose." But the romance of the name was sadly spoiled in a few years, for she married a man by the name of "Bull."

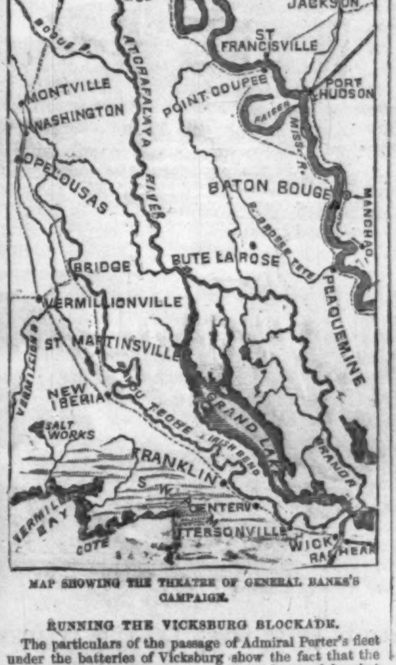
DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC IN MOTION.

IT is announced that General Hooker commenced a movement on Monday morning, 27th ult., at daybreak, and that at sunrise heavy masses of artillery and other troops were crossing the river.

GENERAL BANKS AT WORK.

A severe battle was fought on Friday, the 17th ult., at the Vermilion Bayou, Louisiana, in which, after a hard contest with the rebel batteries and a strong force of infantry, our troops gained a complete success, driving the enemy from his position, capturing his guns, and taking fifteen hundred prisoners. In addition to this the batteries at Bute la Rose were silenced by our fleet, the valuable salt-works of Petite Anse, which supplied the whole interior with this indispensable article, were captured, and a number of the rebel boats were destroyed, during the expedition of General Banks into the Bayou Teche region. Thus the finest portion of Louisiana is at the command of the Union forces, and the rebellion in that quarter is tottering.



MAP SHOWING THE THEATRE OF GENERAL BANKS'S CAMPAIGN.

RUNNING THE VICKSBURG BLOCKADE.

The particulars of the passage of Admiral Porter's fleet under the batteries of Vicksburg show the fact that the transport *Henry Clay* was so severely damaged by shot that she sunk, and that all hands made for a flatboat as the boat was going down. The pilot floated down the river nine miles on a plank, and was picked up opposite Warrenton. There are eleven gun-boats below Vicksburg now, including three under Farragut. The Navy Department has received an official account of the running of Admiral Farragut's fleet by the batteries at Warrenton, and his conflict with the batteries at Grand Gulf.

ANOTHER FLEET PASSED.

On 24th six more transports were successful in running the blockade—the *Tigress, Empire City, Moderator, Anglo-Saxon, Cheesman*, and *Harrison*. The *Free Stone* and *A. D. Hine* took two double-deck flatboats through the Duckport canal. These boats are capable of carrying one thousand men each. Transports now run by Warrenton without difficulty, the batteries being silenced.

CAPTURE OF TEXAN RANGERS.

The Texan Rangers of General Van Dorn's Legion were attacked on 27th at daybreak, eight miles out from Franklin, Tennessee, by General Gordon Granger's cavalry, 700 strong, under Colonel Watkins, of the Sixth Kentucky cavalry. The enemy were surrounded and defeated. Nearly two hundred prisoners were taken. Among them was Colonel Brooks, commandant of the rebel camp, and several officers. The camp and equipages of the enemy were destroyed, and about three hundred horses and mules were captured.

THE EXPEDITION TO CELINA.

A dispatch was received from General Wright, at Louisville, on the 22d, to the effect that the expedition to Celina was entirely successful; that our troops destroyed the town, one hundred thousand pounds of bacon, ten thousand bushels of wheat, ten thousand bushels of corn, one hundred barrels of whisky, one hundred barrels of flour, a considerable quantity of sugar, coffee, tea, malt, and other stores, and forty boats, which had been used in transporting goods from Brentsville and other points on the Cumberland. The rebels report a loss of ninety killed; but Colonel Graham, commander of the expedition, is of the opinion that the number is greater. We had one wounded and one missing. General Wright claims it as a perfect success.

THE LAST OF THE "QUEEN OF THE WEST."

The Richmond papers of 22d, in their dispatches from Port Hudson, confirm the news of the attack upon the *Queen of the West* at Grand Lake by our gun-boats, and the capture of her officers and crew. The *Queen*, it appears, got aground and was blown up by a shell from the *Calhoun*. The *Diana*, which was assailed about the same time in the Atchafalaya River by the Union gun-boat *Clifton*, was burned by the rebels.

THE REBEL ATTACK ON CAPE GIRARDEAU.

The attack upon Cape Girardeau, Missouri, by the rebels, under Marmaduke, has not only proved a failure but a severe defeat for the enemy. After a fight of three hours with General M'Neil they were gloriously repulsed. Reinforcements of men and gun-boats reached M'Neil during the fight. At last accounts the enemy were retreating, and M'Neil was in pursuit.

MORE REBEL RAIDS.

Reports have been current that the rebels, in considerable force, have been committing depredations in Western Virginia, on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and even threatening again to invade Pennsylvania—either Wheeling or Pittsburg being the point aimed at. These reports seem to have for a basis the fact that considerable force of guerrillas, under Jenkins, appeared at Morgantown, Virginia, on the Monongahela River, and near the State line of Pennsylvania. It is not probable that they intend coming any further North. Other detachments of rebels appeared at the same time in other parts of Western Virginia, near the railroad line; but prompt measures, as we learn from the Wheeling *Intelligencer*, were taken to intercept them, and it is not believed that they have been able to effect much.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE PIRATICAL BUSINESS.

AT latest dates the English Government was still engaged in efforts ostensibly directed against the fitting out of rebel war vessels in the ports of the kingdom. Although the *Alexandra* was seized by the officers of customs at Liverpool, a number of men still continued at work on her, making her ready for sea, until they were turned off the vessel by the Government officials.

THE NEW ANGLO-REBEL PIRATE.

The *Japan*, or *Virginia*, was built at Dumbarton—not at Greenock—Scotland, and ran out from the Clyde on the 3d of April. The order for her arrest arrived from London on the 4th—the day after her departure.

LOSS OF THE "ANGLO-SAXON."

The Montreal Steamship Company's steamer *Anglo-Saxon*, Captain Burgess, which left Liverpool on the 16th and Londonderry on 17th April, for Quebec and Montreal, was wrecked four miles east of Cape Race on Monday the 27th of April, during a dense fog. The *Anglo-Saxon* carried the Canadian and United States mails, and had on board three hundred and sixty passengers and eighty-four of a crew, making a total of four hundred and forty-four persons. Three of her passengers reached St. Johns, Newfoundland, at four o'clock on Monday evening, and reported the disaster, adding that the vessel had broken up after striking, when they lost sight of her, and that a great number of her passengers had perished. The news yacht, stationed off Cape Race, set out for the wreck immediately after the receipt of this intelligence. The steamers *Dauntless* and *Bloodhound* also steered for Cape Race. Seventy-three persons escaped from the vessel by means of ropes and spars, twenty-four were taken off in life-boat No. 2 belonging to the ship, and the *Dauntless* succeeded in picking up at sea ninety others who had got off in two boats. Among these were the Hon. John Young, his wife and seven children; the first and fourth officers and fourth and fifth engineers of the *Anglo-Saxon*; the purser, first and second engineers, and surgeon of the ship were also saved, as was Lieutenant Sampson, of the Royal Artillery, a passenger. The commander of the *Anglo-Saxon*, Captain Burgess, was supposed to have been lost. Seven persons embarked on a raft from the wreck, and this raft, with the ship's boats Nos. 4 and 6, were missing when the dispatches left St. Johns. The deck of the *Anglo-Saxon* broke up in an hour after she struck, and nothing but her mizzen-mast was standing. Several persons clung to the fore-rigging until the main-mast fell, but no assistance could reach them. Guns were duly fired at Cape Race, in order to attract the attention of the missing boats. On the 28th the weather on the coast was fine and clear, but they had not been heard of.

POLAND.

THE INSURRECTION.

The Polish insurrection is still in great vigor and activity. The Czar of Russia has so far yielded as to offer a general amnesty to all the Poles who return to their allegiance by the 13th of May. England, France, and Austria have addressed separate notes to Russia, conveying a friendly "warning" to the Emperor on the subject of reforms for Poland. Cronstadt has been placed in a state of defense, and the Russian army is to be increased. It is said that Russia was to direct her attention toward Sweden for some offense taken respecting the Polish question. Serious eventualities were likely to ensue. Napoleon had, it was said, inquired if Italy could take a military part under certain circumstances, and had had an assurance to the effect that the King could furnish sixty thousand men.

MEXICO.

NEWS FROM PUEBLA.

Our accounts from Mexico to the 31st March show that the Mexicans, so far from being defeated at Puebla, as reported through French sources, have frequently repulsed the enemy and are probably still in safe possession of that city.

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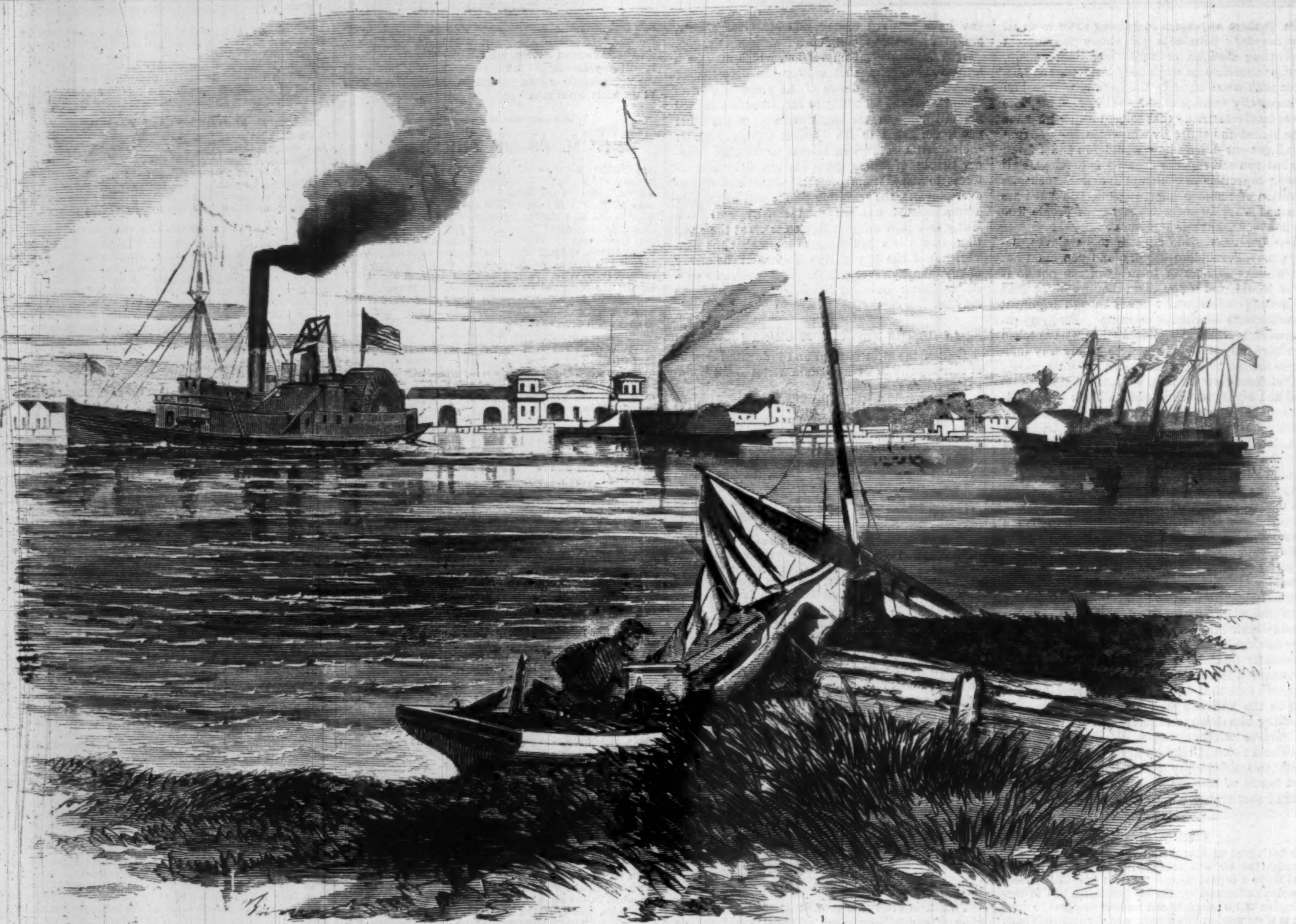
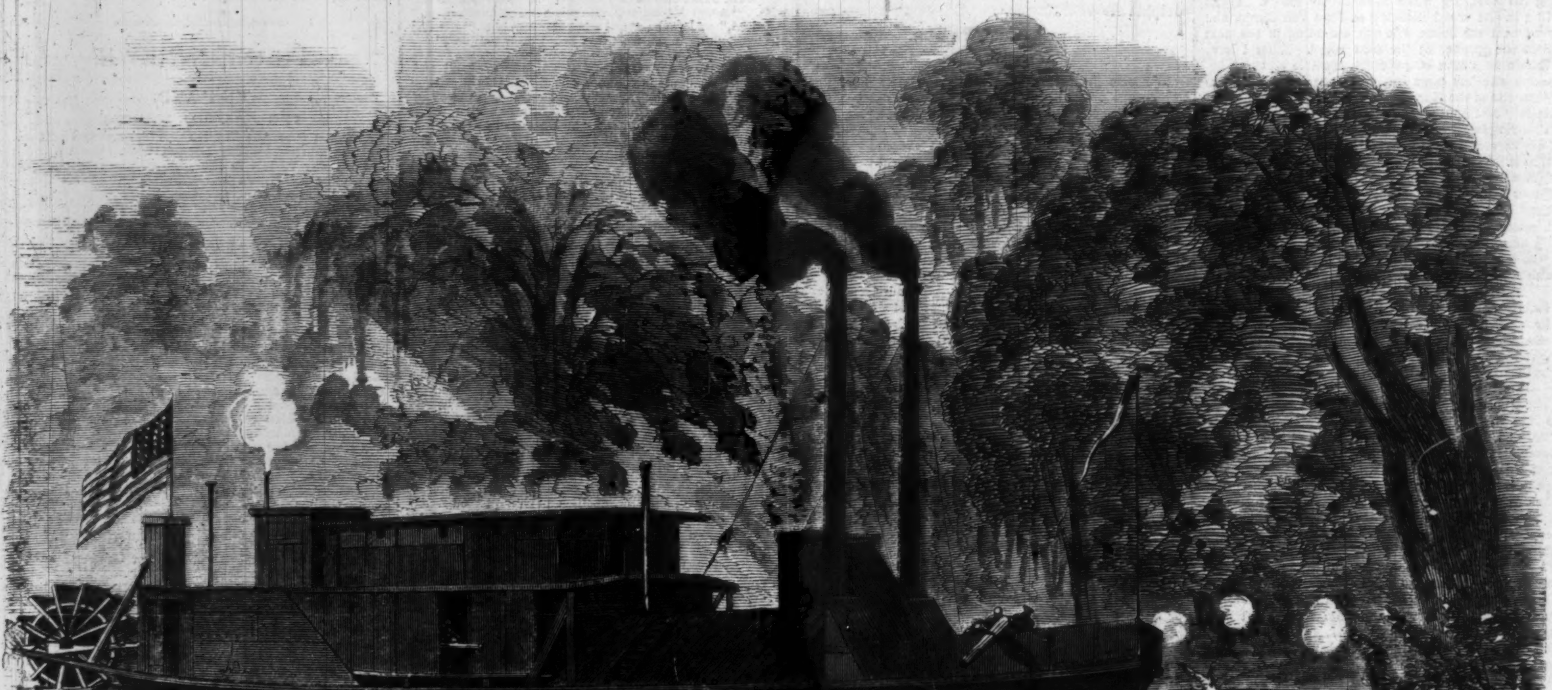
[*] This true Tennysonism has a beautiful and significant meaning, which the reader *may possibly* discover by turning back 125 pages.

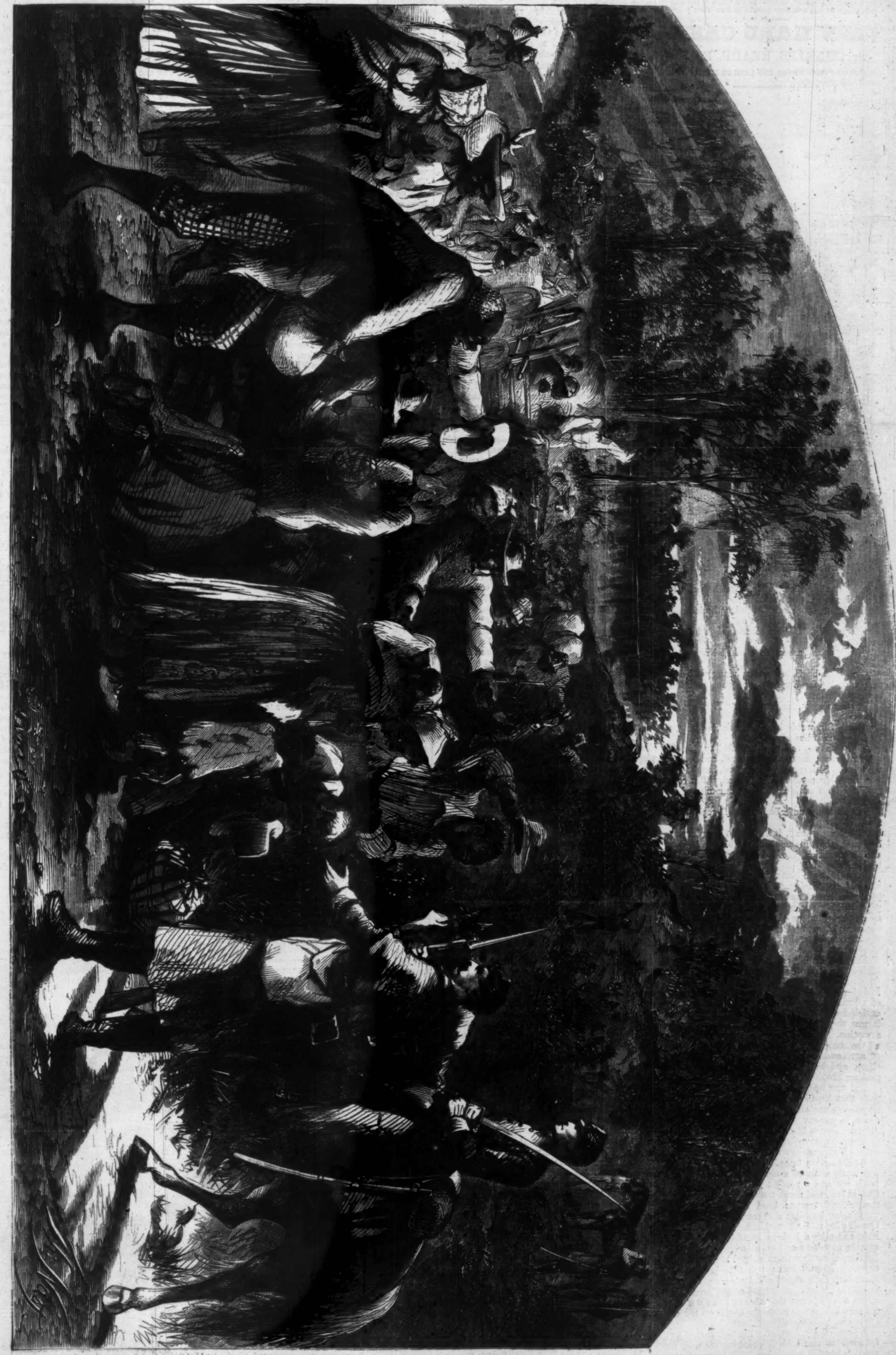
[†] Tennysonian for Dowagers.



BRASHEAR CITY, BERWICK'S BAY, LA., BASE OF GENERAL BANKS'S OPERATIONS.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. H. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 299.]



THE IRON-CLAD "BARRATARIA" SNAGGED IN AMITE RIVER, LA., AND ATTACKED BY REBEL GUERRILLAS.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. H. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 299.]



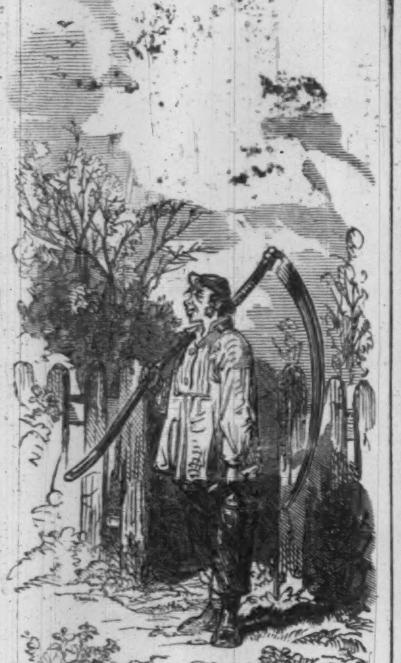
CONTRABANDS COMING INTO OUR LINES UNDER THE PROCLAMATION.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.



CHAPTER VI.

"MR. EDWARD DODD?"

"Not at home, Sir. Left last week."

"For long?"

"I don't rightly know, Sir. But he won't be back this week, I don't think."

"Perhaps," stammered Alfred, "the ladies—Mrs. Dodd—might be able to tell me."

"Oh yes, Sir. But my mistress she's in London just now."

Alfred's eyes flashed. "Could I learn from Miss Dodd?"

"La, Sir, she is in London along with her ma; why, 'tis for her they are gone; to insult the great doctors."

He started. "She is not ill? Nothing serious?"

"Well, Sir, we do hope not; she is pining a bit, as young ladies will."

Alfred was any thing but consoled by this off-hand account; he became alarmed, and looked wretched. Seeing him so perturbed, Sarah, who was blunt but good-natured, added, "But cook she says hard work would cure our miss of all *she* ails."

"Cook is an unfeeling wretch," replied Alfred.

"Bless your heart, it belongs to her place, or how could she skin them rabbits? ha! ha! Who shall I say was asking for her? for my work is a bit behindhand."

Alfred took the hint reluctantly, and drew out his card-case, saying, "For Mr. Edward Dodd." She gave her clean but wettish hand a hasty wipe with her apron, and took the card; he retired; she stood on the step and watched him out of sight, said "Oho!" and took his card to the kitchen for preliminary inspection and discussion.

Alfred Hardie was resolute, but sensitive. He had come on the wings of Love and Hope; he went away heavily: a housemaid's tongue had shod his elastic feet with lead in a moment; of all misfortunes sickness was what he had not anticipated, for she looked immortal. Perhaps it was that fair and treacherous disease, consumption. Well, if it was, he would love her all the more, would wed her as soon as he was of age, and carry her to some soft Southern clime, and keep each noxious air at bay, and prolong her life, perhaps save it.

And now he began to chafe at the social cobwebs that kept him from her. But, just as his impatience was about to launch him into imprudence, he was saved by a genuine descendant of Adam. James Maxley kept Mr. Hardie's little pleasaunce trim as trim could be, by yearly contract. This entailed short but frequent visits; and Alfred often talked with him: for the man was really a bit of a character; had a shrewd rustic wit and a ready tongue, was rather too fond of law, and much too fond of money; but scrupulously honest: head as long as Cudworth's, but broader; and could not read a line. One day he told Alfred that he must knock off now, and take a look in at Albion Villee; the captain was due; and on no account would he, Maxley, allow that there ragged box round the captain's quarter-deck; "that is how he do name their little mossel of a lawn: and there he walks for a wager, athirt and across, across and athirt, five steps and then about; and I'd a'most bet ye a half-penny he thinks hisself on the salt sea ocean, bless his silly old heart."

All this time Alfred, after the first start of joyful surprise, was secretly thanking his stars for sending him an instrument. To learn whether she had returned, he asked Maxley whether the ladies had sent for him.

"Not they," said Maxley, rather contemptuously; "what do women-folk care about a border, without 'tis a lace one to their night-caps; for none but the devil to see. Not as I have ought to say again the pair; they keep their turf tidyish—and pay ready money—and a few flowers in their pots; but the rest may shift for itself. Ye see, Master Alfred," explained Maxley, wagging his head wisely, "nobody's pride can be every where; now theirs is in-a-doors; their withdrawing-room it's like the Queen's palace, my missus tells me; she is wrapped up in 'em, ye know. But the captain for my money."

The sage shouldered his tools and departed. But he left a good hint behind him. Alfred hovered about the back door next day till he caught Mrs. Maxley; she supplied the house with eggs and vegetables. "Could she tell him whether his friend Edward Dodd was likely to come home soon?" She thought not; he was gone away to study. "He hasn't much headpiece, you know, not like what Miss Julia have. Mrs. and Miss are to be home to-day; they wrote to cook this morning. I shall be there tomorrow, sartain, and I'll ask in the kitchen when Master Edward is a coming back."

Alfred saw he had fallen into the right hands; here was a good soul who only wanted starting to give many answers to few questions. He reflected a moment, then asked her could she bring him two fresh eggs every morning?

"Who better?" said she. "Why, we do lay our own: only they come a little dearer than the shop eggs; but la! a half-penny's not much to the likes of you."

"Good things are never cheap," said the sly boy; "so if you will be upon honor that they are yours, and fresh, I'll stand sixpence for two every morning."

"Sixpence for a couple of eggs!" cried Mrs. Maxley, flushing all over with desire of gain. "I durstn't do it; Jem he'd kill me."

"Nonsense! It is not for the eggs only, but your trouble in bringing them: why, it is half a mile."

"So 'tis. La! to think of a young gentleman like you vallying a poor woman's time; and you got nothing to do with yourn, but fling it away on cricketing and larning, which they don't make nobody rich, they don't."

Love and Avarice soon struck a bargain, and for once the nobler passion became as early a bird as the other, and picked up many a good crumb of intelligence. The ladies of Albion Villa were good kind ladies; the very maid-servants loved them; Miss was more for religion than her mother, and went to St. Anne's church Thursday evenings, and Sundays morning and evening; and visited some poor women in the parish with food and clothes; Mrs. Dodd could not sleep a wink when the wind blew hard at night; but never complained, only came down pale to breakfast. Miss Julia's ailment was nothing to speak of, but they were in care along of being so wrapt up in her, and no wonder, for if ever there was a duck—.

Acting on this intelligence, Alfred went early the next Sunday to St. Anne's church, and sat down in the side gallery at its east end. While the congregation flowed quietly in, the organist played the Agnus Dei of Mozart. Those pious tender tones stole over this hot young heart, and whispered, "Peace! be still!" He sighed wearily, and it passed through his mind that it might have been better for him, and especially for his studies, if he had never seen her. Such instincts are often prophetic. Suddenly the aisle seemed to lighten up; she was gliding along it, beautiful as May, and modesty itself in dress and carriage. She went into a pew and kneeled a minute, then seated herself and looked out the lessons for the day. Alfred gazed at her face; devoured it. But her eyes never roved. She seemed to have put off feminine curiosity, and the world, at the church door. Indeed, he wished she was not quite so heavenly discreet; her lashes were delicious, but he longed to see her eyes once more; to catch a glance from them, and, by it, decipher his fate.

But, no; she was there to worship, and did not discern her earthly lover, whose longing looks were glued to her, and his body rose and sank with the true worshipers, but with no more spirituality than a piston, or a Jack-in-the-box.

In the last hymn before the sermon, a well-meaning worshiper in the gallery delivered a leading note, a high one, with great zeal, but small precision, being about a semitone flat; at this outrage on her too sensitive ear Julia Dodd turned her head swiftly to discover the offender; and failed: but her two sapphire eyes met Alfred's point-blank.

She was crimson in a moment, and lowered them on her book again, as if to look that way was to sin. It was but a flash: but sometimes a flash fires a mine.

The lovely blush deepened and spread before it melted away, and Alfred's late cooling heart warmed itself at that sweet glowing cheek. She never looked his way again, not once: which was a sad disappointment; but she blushed again and again before the service ended, only not so deeply: now, there was nothing in the sermon to make her blush. I might add, there was nothing to redden her cheek with religious excitement. There was a little candid sourness—oil and vinegar—against sects and low churchmen; but thin generality predominated. Total: "Acetate of morphia," for dry souls to sip.

So Alfred took all the credit of causing those sweet irrelevant blushes; and gloated: the young wretch could not help glorying in his power to tint that fair statue of devotion with earthly thoughts.

But stay! that dear blush, was it pleasure or pain? What if the sight of him was intolerable? He would know how he stood with her, and on the spot. He was one of the first to leave the church; he made for the church-yard gate, and walked slowly backward and forward by it, with throbbing heart till she came out.

She was prepared for him now, and bowed slightly to him with the most perfect composure, and no legible sentiment, except a certain marked politeness many of our young ladies think wasted upon young gentlemen; and are mistaken.

Alfred took off his hat in a tremor, and his eyes implored and inquired, but met with no further response; and she walked swiftly home, though without apparent effort. He looked longingly after her; but discretion forbade.

He now crawled by Albion Villa twice every day, wet or dry, and had the good fortune to see her twice at the drawing-room window. He was constant at St. Anne's church, and one Thursday crept into the aisle to be nearer to her, and he saw her steal one swift look at the gallery, and look grave; but soon she detected him, and though she looked no more toward him, she seemed demurely complacent. Alfred had learned to note these subtleties now, for Love is a microscope. What he did not know was, that his timid ardor was pursuing a masterly course; that to find herself furtively followed every where, and hovered about for a look, is apt to soothe womanly pride, and stir womanly pity, and to keep the female heart in a flutter of curiosity and emotion, two porters that open the heart's great gate to love.

Dr. Sampson dined with the Hardies, and happened to mention the "Dodds" among his old patients: for he had lived at Barkington.

"The Dodds of Albion Villa?" inquired Miss Hardie, to her brother's no little surprise.

"Albyn fiddlestick!" said the polished doctor. "No! they live by the water-side; used to; but now they have left the town, I hear. He is a sea-captain and a fine lad, and Mrs. Dodd is just the best-bred woman I ever prescribed for, except Mrs. Sampson."

"It *is* the Dodds of Albion Villa," said Miss Hardie. "They have two children; a son; his name is Edward; and a daughter, Julia; she is rather good-looking; a Gentlemens' Beauty."

Alfred stared at his sister. Was she blind? with her "rather good-looking."

Sampson was quite pleased at the information. "N' listen me! I saved that girl's life when she was a year old."

"Then she is ill now, doctor," said Alfred, hastily. "Do go and see her! Hum! The fact is, her brother is a great favorite of mine." He then told him how to find Albion Villa. "Jenny, dear," said he, when Sampson was gone, "you never told me you knew her."

"Knew who, dear?"

"Whom? Why, Dodd's sister."

"Oh, she is a new acquaintance, and not one to interest you. We only meet in the Lord; I do not visit Albion Villa; her mother is an amiable worldling."

"Unpardonable combination!" said Alfred, with a slight sneer. "So you and Miss Dodd meet only at church?"

"At church? hardly. She goes to St. Anne's: sits under a preacher, who starves his flock with moral discourses, and holds out the sacraments of the Church as the means of grace, and keeps His atonement, and the efficacy of prayer through Him, in the back-ground."

Alfred shook his head good-humoredly. "Now, Jenny, that is a challenge; and you know we both got into a fury the last time we were betrayed into that miserable waste of time and temper, Theological discussion. No, no:

> Let sects delight to bark and bite,
> For 'tis their nature to:
> Let gown and surplice growl and fight,
> For Satan makes them so.

But let you and I cut High Church and Low Church, and be brother and sister. Do tell me in English where you meet Julia Dodd; that's a dear; for young ladies 'meeting in the Lord' conveys no positive idea to my mind."

Jane Hardie sighed at this confession. "We meet about His business; in the cottages of the poor and the sick, whom He loved and pitied when on earth; and we, His unworthy servants, try to soothe their distress, and lead them to Him, who can heal the soul as well as the body, and wipe away all the tears of all His people."

"Then it does you infinite credit, Jane," said Alfred, warmly. "Now, that is the voice of true religion—by Jupiter; and not the whine of this sect, nor the snarl of that. And so she joins you in this good work? I am not surprised."

"We meet in it now and then, dear; but she can hardly be said to have joined me: I have a district, you know; but poor Mrs. Dodd will not allow Julia to enlist in His service. She visits independently, and by fits and starts; and I am afraid she thinks more of comforting their perishable bodies than of feeding their souls with crumbs from His altar; it was but the other day she confessed to me her backwardness to speak in the way of instruction to women as old as her mother. She finds it so much easier to let them run on about their earthly troubles: and of course it is much *easier* to one who is herself but a Babe in Grace. Ah, the world holds her still in some of its subtle meshes."

The speaker uttered this sadly; but presently, brightening up, said, with considerable bonhomie, and almost a sprightly air: "But she is a dear girl, and the Lord will yet light her candle."

Alfred pulled a face, as of one that drinketh verjuice unawares: but let it pass: hypercriticism was not his cue just then. "Well, Jenny," said he, "I have a favor to ask you. Introduce me to your friend Miss Dodd! Will you?"

Miss Hardie colored faintly. "I would rather not, dear Alfred."

"Nonsense; why not?"

"Because the introduction could not be for her eternal good. Julia's soul is in a very ticklish state; she wavers as yet between God and the world; and it won't do; it won't do; there is no middle path; every human creature must either be His child, or the devil's slave. You would very likely turn the scale, and then I should have fought against her everlasting welfare—my friend's."

"What, am I an infidel?" inquired Alfred, angrily.

Jane looked distressed. "Oh no, Alfred. But you are a worldling; and the world is at deadly enmity with Him."

Alfred, smothering a strong sense of irritation, besought her to hear reason; these big words were out of place here. "It is Dodd's sister; and he will introduce me at a word, worldling as I am."

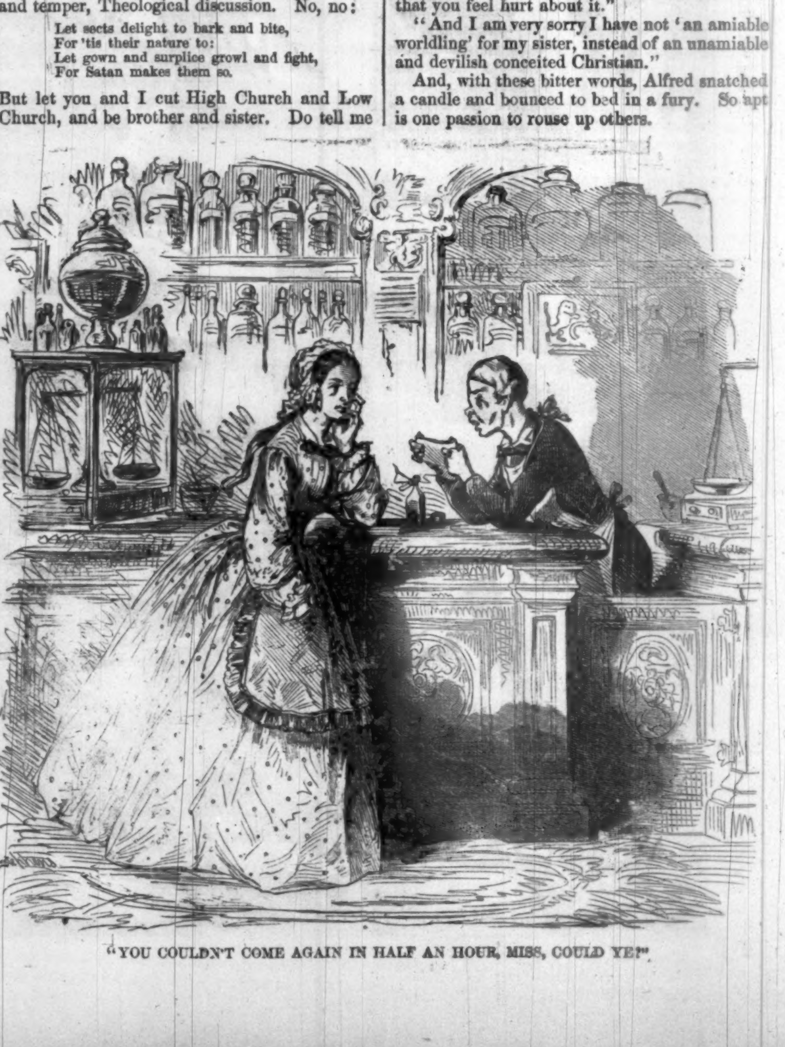
"Then why urge me to do it, against my conscience?" asked the young lady, as sharply as if she had been a woman of the world. "You can not be in *love* with her, as you do not know her."

Alfred did not reply to this unlucky thrust, but made a last effort to soften her. "Can you call yourself my sister, and refuse me this trifling service, which her brother, who loves her and esteems her ten times more sincerely than you do, would not think of refusing me if he was at home?"

"Why should he? He is in the flesh, himself; let the carnal introduce one another. I really must decline; but I am very, very sorry that you feel hurt about it."

"And I am very sorry I have not 'an amiable worldling' for my sister, instead of an unamiable and devilish conceited Christian."

And, with these bitter words, Alfred snatched a candle and bounced to bed in a fury. So apt is one passion to rouse up others.



"YOU COULDN'T COME AGAIN IN HALF AN HOUR, MISS, COULD YE?"

Jane Hardie let fall a gentle tear: but consoled herself with the conviction that she had done her duty, and that Alfred's anger was quite unreasonable, and so he would see as soon as he should cool.

The next day the lover, smarting under this check, and spurred to fresh efforts, invaded Sampson. That worthy was just going to dine at Albion Villa, so Alfred postponed pumping him till next day. Well, he called at the inn next day, and if the doctor was not just gone back to London!

"I have no luck!" thought Alfred; and wandered disconsolate homeward.

In the middle of Buchanan Street, an agitated treble called after him, "Mr. Halfred! hoh, Mr. Halfred!" He looked back and saw Dick Absalom, a promising young cricketer, brandishing a document and imploring aid. "O, Master Halfred, dooee please come here. I durstn't leave the shop."

There is a tie between cricketers far too strong for social distinctions to divide, and, though Alfred muttered peevishly "whose cat is dead now?" he obeyed the strange summons.

The distress was a singular one. Master Absalom, I must premise, was the youngest of two lads in the employ of Mr. Jenner, a benevolent old chemist, a disciple of Malthus. Jenner taught the virtues of drugs and minerals to tender youths, at the expense of the public. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed since a pretty servant girl came into the shop, and laid a paper on the counter, saying, "Please to make that up, young man." Now at fifteen we are gratified by inaccuracies of this kind from ripe female lips: so Master Absalom took the prescription with a complacent grin; his eye glanced over it; it fell to shaking in his hand; chill dismay penetrated his heart; and, to speak with Oriental strictness, his liver turned instantly to water. However, he made a feeble clutch at Mercantile Mendacity, and stammered out, "Here's a many hingredients, and the governor's out walking, and he's been and locked the drawer where we keeps our Prætorium. You couldn't come again in half an hour, Miss, could ye?" She acquiesced readily, for she was not habitually called Miss, and she had a follower, a languid one, living hard by, and belonged to a class which thinks it consistent to come after its followers.

Dicky saw her safe off, and groaned at his ease. Here was a prescription full of new chemicals, sovereign, no doubt; i.e., deadly when applied Jennerically; and the very directions for use were in Latin words he had encountered in no prescription before. A year ago Dicky would have counted the prescribed ingredients on his fingers, and then taken down an equal number of little articles, solid or liquid, mixed them, delivered them, and so to cricket, serene; but now, his mind, to apply the universal cant, was "in a transition state." A year's practice had chilled the youthful valor, which used to scatter Epsom salts, or oxalic acid; magnesia, or something white. An experiment or two by himself and his compeers, with comments by the coroner, had enlightened him as to the final result on the human body of potent chemicals fearlessly administered, leaving him dark as to their distinctive qualities applied remedially. What should he do? run with the prescription to old Taylor in the next street, a chemist of forty years? Alas! at his tender age, he had not omitted to chaff that reverend rival persistently and publicly. Humble his establishment before the King Street one? Sooner perish drugs, and come eternal cricket! And, after all, why not? Drummer-boys, and powder-monkeys, and other imps of his age that dealt destruction, were paid; Mankind acknowledged their services in cash: but old Jenner, taught by Philosophy, through its organ the newspapers, that "knowledge is riches," was above diluting with a few shillings a week the wealth a boy acquired behind his counter: so his apprentices got no salary. Then why not shut up the old rogue's shutters, and excite a little sympathy for him, to be followed by a powerful reaction on his return from walking; and go and offer his own services on the cricket ground to field for the gentlemen by the hour, or bowl at a shilling on their bails? "Bowling is the lay for me," said he; "you get money for that, and you only bruise the gents a bit and break their thumbs: you can't put their vital sparks out as you can at this work."

By a striking coincidence, the most influential member of the cricket club passed while Dick was in this quandary.

"Oh, Mr. Halfred, you was always very good to me on the ground; you couldn't have me hired by the club, could ye? for I am sick of this trade; I wants to bowl."

"You little duffer!" said Alfred, "cricket is a recreation, not a business. Besides, only lasts five months. Unless you adjourn to the antipodes. Stick to the shop like a man, and make your fortune."

"Oh, Mr. Halfred," said Dick, sorrowfully, "how can I find fortune here? Jenner don't pay. And the crowner declares he will not have it; and the Barton Chronicle says us young gents ought all to be given a holiday to go and see one of us hanged by lot; but this is what have broke this camel's back at last; here's a dalled thing to come smiling and smirking in with, and put it across a counter in a poor boy's hand. Oh! oh! oh!"

"Dick," said Alfred, "if you blubber, I'll give you a hiding. You have stumbled on a passage you can't construe. Well, who has not? but we don't shed the briny about it. Here, let me have a go at it."

"Ah, I've heard you are a scholard," said Dick, "but you won't make out this; there's some new preparation of Mercury, and there's musk, and there's hoarhound, and there's a neutral salt, and dal that wrote it."

"Hold your I construe it to you. '*Die Mercurii*, on Wednesday—*decimâ horâ vespertinâ*, at ten o'clock at night—*eat in Muscâ?*' what does that mean? '*Ad Prætorium*, to the Prætorium. *Eat in Muscâ?*' I see; this is modern Latin with a vengeance. 'Let him go in a fly to the Prætorium. *Saltet*, let him jump—*cum tredecim caniculis*, with thirteen little dogs—*præsertim meo*, especially with my little dog.' Dicky, this prescription emanates from Bedlam direct. '*Domum reditta*'—hallo! it is a woman, then! 'Let *her* go in a fly to the —Town-hall,' eh? 'Let *her* jump,' no, 'dance, with thirteen whelps, especially mine.' Ha! ha! ha! And who is the woman that is to do all this, I wonder?"

"Woman, indeed!" said a treble at the door; "no more than I am; it's for a young lady. O, jiminy!"

This polite ejaculation was drawn out by the speaker's sudden recognition of Alfred, who had raised his head at her remonstrance, and now started in his turn: for it was the black-eyed servant of Albion Villa. They looked at one another in expressive silence.

"Yes, Sir, it is for my young lady. Is it ready, young man?"

"No, it ain't; and never will," squealed Dick, angrily; "it's a vile 'oax; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself bringing it into a respectable shop."

Alfred silenced him, and told Sarah he thought Miss Dodd ought to know the nature of this prescription before it went round the chemists."

He borrowed paper of Dick, and wrote:

"Mr. Alfred Hardie presents his compliments to Miss Dodd, and begs leave to inform her that he has, by the merest accident, intercepted the inclosed prescription. As it seems rather a sorry jest, and tends to attract attention to Miss Dodd and her movements, he has ventured, with some misgivings, to send it back with a literal translation, on reading which it will be for Miss Dodd to decide whether it is to circulate:

"'On Wednesday, at ten P.M., let her go in a fly to the town-hall, and dance with thirteen {little dogs, puppies, whelps,} especially with mine: return home at six A.M., and sleep till dinner, and repeat the folly as occasion serves.'"

"Suppose I could get it into Miss's hands when she's alone?" whispered Sarah.

"You would earn my warmest gratitude."

"'Warmest gratitude!' Is that a warm gownd or a warm cloak, I wonder?"

"It is both, when the man is a gentleman, and a pretty, dark-eyed girl pities him and stands his friend."

Sarah smiled, and whispered, "Give it me; I'll do my best."

Alfred inclosed the prescription and his note in one cover, handed them to her, and slipped a sovereign into her hand. He whispered, "Be prudent."

"I'm dark, Sir," said she: and went off briskly homeward, and Alfred stood rapt in dreamy joy, and so self-elated that, had he been furnished like a peacock, he would have instantly become "a thing all eyes," and choked up Jenner's shop, and swept his counter. He had made a step toward familiarity, had written her a letter; and then, if this prescription came, as he suspected, from Dr. Sampson, she would, perhaps, be at the ball. This opened a delightful vista. Meantime Mrs. Dodd had communicated Sampson's opinion to Julia, adding that there was a prescription besides, gone to be made up. "However, he insists on your going to this ball."

Julia begged hard to be excused: said she was in no humor for balls: and, Mrs. Dodd objecting that the tickets had actually been purchased, she asked leave to send them to the Dartons: "they will be a treat to Rose and Alice; they seldom go out: mamma, I do so fear they are poorer than people think. May I?"

"It would be but kind," said Mrs. Dodd. "Though really why my child should always be sacrificed to other people's children—!"

"Oh a mighty sacrifice!" said Julia. She sat down and inclosed the tickets to Rose Darton, with a little sugared note. Sarah being out, Elizabeth took it. Sarah met her at the gate, but did not announce her return: she lurked in ambush till Julia happened to go to her own room, then followed her, and handed Alfred's missive, and watched her slily, and, being herself expeditious as the wind in matters of the heart, took it for granted the inclosure was something very warm indeed; so she said with feigned simplicity, "I suppose it is all right now, miss?" and retreated swelling with a secret, and tormented her fellow-servants all day with innuendoes dark as Erebus.

Julia read the note : her heart beat at those few ceremonious lines. "He does not like me to be talked of," she said to herself. "How good he is! What trouble he takes about me! Ah! *he will be there.*"

She divined rightly; on Wednesday, at ten, Alfred Hardie was in the ball-room. It was a magnificent room, well lighted, and at present not half filled, though dancing had commenced. The figure Alfred sought was not there; and he wondered he had been so childish as to hope she would come to a city ball. He played the fine gentleman; would not dance. He got near the door with another Oxonian, and tried to avenge himself for her absence on the townspeople, who were there, by quizzing them.

But in the middle of this amiable occupation, and, indeed, in the middle of a sentence, he stopped short, and his heart throbbed, and he thrilled from head to foot; for two ladies glided in at the door, and passed up the room with the unpretending composure of well-bred people. They were equally remarkable; but Alfred saw only the radiant young creature in flowing muslin, with the narrowest sash in the room, and no ornament but a necklace of large pearls, and her own vivid beauty. She had altered her mind about coming, with apologies for her vacillating disposition so penitent and disproportionate, that her indulgent and unsuspecting mother was really quite amused. Alfred was not so happy as to know that she had changed her mind with his note. Perhaps even this knowledge could have added little to that exquisite moment when, unhoped for, she passed close to him, and the fragrant air from her brushed his cheek; and seemed to whisper, "follow me and be my slave!"

HOUSE-HUNTING.

"CHARLEY!"

The voice was soft and coaxing as the twitter of a bird in May-rose thickets.

"It's almost the 1st of May, Charley. If you only *would* look up a house somewhere! You know this is sold, and I'm sure I don't know what we're going to do, unless you'll be the dearest and darlingest of brothers, and—"

Charles Rayner contracted his brows, and rumpled his brown locks in a sort of bewildered despair.

"Mary!" said he, "I'd rather charge on set bayonets any time than go house-hunting! I don't know any thing about it, and what's more, I don't want to! There's no use teasing me! I *won't!*"

But what is man's resolve weighed in the balance with woman's will? Mary Hooper pulled out a little laced pocket-handkerchief and began to cry, and all the gigantic barricade of Lieutenant Rayner's determination crashed down, undermined by that tiny sparkling tide of tears! Mary got her own way, as she had known beforehand she should, and Charley Rayner sallied forth in the blue brightness of the April day with a list of "eligible residences" in his breast pocket, and a confused mass of directions fermenting in his distracted brain!

"Halt!" quoth Charley to himself, "No. 88—— 'To Let.' This is one of the fellows on the list! Now Charley Rayner, charge!"

The tinkling summons of the door-bell was answered by an ancient-looking matron in curl-papers and a faded shawl.

"I believe this house is to let?"

"Yes it is," said the dame, curiously eying her interlocutor from head to foot. "Want to hire it? Calculate to keep boarders? How big a family you got?"

Rayner colored to the roots of his hair, even while he could not help laughing.

"There is some misapprehension," he said, quietly. "I am not a married man."

"Then what are you taking up folks' time lookin' at their houses for?" snarled the acidulated matron. "*I* know what you're after—you're a hall thief! Get along—quick—with your shoulder-straps and your airs and graces, or I'll call the police! Imposin' on a lone woman this way!"

And before Charles Rayner could open his mouth to remonstrate, the hall door was slammed in his face. What a situation for a dashing young cavalry officer! To be mistaken for a "hall thief," and ignominiously turned out of doors by an old woman in curl-papers!

"Confound it all!" ejaculated Charley, the brief sentence exploding from his wrath as a Champagne cork flies upward from an effervescing bottle. "I won't be made a fool of any more. I'll go straight home and tell Mary to hunt her own houses!"

But then he remembered the babies in the nursery, and Mary's diamond-bright tears, and mentally resolved to make one more trial at least!

"No. 16! *This House to Let!* Hyacinths in the windows and blue silk curtains!" he commented to himself. "Looks nice, any way! Well, a fellow can but try, so here goes!"

And he gave the bell a spasmodic pull, bracing himself *à la* iced shower-bath, for the consequences.

"May I be allowed to look at this house?"

"Walk in, Sir—I'll spake to the misthress!"

What a bright little room it was into which the serving-maid ushered Lieutenant Rayner! The windows glowing with chimes of hyacinth bells, white and blue—the canary warbling in the full tide of April sunshine, which broke around his cage and scattered itself in bright billows over the moss-green carpet—the fire high-heaped in the cozy grate, and a young lady, with brown eyes and curls, just threaded with golden gleams, sitting at work among the flowers.

"Take a seat, Sir," said the young lady.

"Thank you," responded the Lieutenant, awkwardly twirling his fingers, and watching the tiny steel shaft as it glanced in and out of the transparent muslin ruffling.

"That's a pretty girl," thought Charley; "what long eyelashes she has, and—"

Confusion to the Lieutenant of cavalry! how was he to know that the hazel eyes should encounter his own so suddenly. He turned scarlet—but not so red as the young lady.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered.

"Excuse me," said the brown-eyed, as the rosy color died out of her cheek; "but I think you must be a cavalry officer."

"I am."

"In what regiment?"

"The —th."

She rose, nervously dropping her work, and clasping her tiny hands together,

"Is it possible? Then, perhaps, you know Allan Carver?"

"Perfectly—a tall, handsome man with dark eyes, is he not? He was a private in my company, and—"

"And was wounded at Fredericksburg?"

"You are right."

"Oh, Allan, Allan!" murmured the girl, with quivering lip. "And can you tell me where he is now?"

"In hospital, I believe. I could easily ascertain."

"Oh, if you *could*," she faltered. "We have been in such wretched uncertainty, not knowing whether he was alive or dead. We have written again and again, but in vain."

Private Carver had been rather a favorite with Lieutenant Rayner, yet at this moment he was beginning to feel decidedly vindictive toward him. What business had he inspiring such an interest in the breast of this brown-orbed beauty? Why couldn't he have died peaceably, like many a one better than he?

"If you could tell us how to obtain his address?" added the damsel, wistfully.

Charley began to hate Private Carver in the depths of his soul; but he answered,

"I will try, certainly; and if—"

He paused abruptly, for the door had swung open on noiseless hinges, and a sweet-faced old lady, in fluttering white-cap ribbons, stood before him.

"I believe you wished to see the house, Sir?"

"Mamma," interrupted the younger lady, "this gentleman is a lieutenant in Allan's company—he knows Allan."

"And he wishes he never had set eyes on the miscreant," commented Charley, internally. "Allan, indeed! Now I wonder if they're engaged."

The old lady's face lighted up, and she began a torrent of eager interrogatories.

"Oh, Sir, if you knew the relief it is to hear from my son," she concluded.

"Your *son!*" echoed Charley. "Then Private Carver is your brother?" he added, turning to the brown-eyed fairy.

"Yes—didn't I mention it?"

"Private Carver's the finest fellow in the regiment!" ejaculated Charley, flinging his cap into air. "I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I think the house will suit."

"Will you not look at it, Sir?" said the old lady, in accents of grave surprise.

"Oh, certainly, certainly," stammered the officer, with a dim remembrance of his sister's directions as he stumbled down the kitchen stairs. "I hope the range don't leak, and my sister was very particular about chandeliers being included in the sub-cellar!"

"Sir?" said the old lady.

"I—I'm afraid I'm talking sad nonsense," apologized Charley; "but you see I'm thinking what a brave fellow Private Carver was."

They went up again—the old lady ascending matter-of-fact stairs, but Charley Rayner walking on an atmosphere of cloud and *couleur de rose*.

What absurd questions he asked without so much as waiting to hear the answers! How anxious he was to know whether the skylight "baked well," and if the neighborhood was frescoed, and the parlor ceilings agreeable; whether the wine-cellars were "gilded," and if the door-knobs could be papered and painted! And finally he returned to the room where the hyacinths were, to say,

"It's all right—we'll take the house, Miss Carver. And—"

"Well, Sir?"

"As I'm going on to Washington next week, I shall make it my business to find out Private Carver. I will call to-morrow, if quite agreeable to you, to receive any message you may wish to charge me with."

The rosy cheeks were stained a deeper red—the hazel eyes became softly luminous.

"Thank you—you are very kind!"

How Charley ever stumbled out of the door was a life-long problem to him; but the next thing he was conscious of, a surly individual in the street was requesting him, in no very courteous terms, "to keep his own side of the street and not run over a fellow outright!"

"Well, Charley, what luck?" demanded little Mrs. Hooper, as she came out of the nursery with a plump baby in her arms, and a dimpled two-year-old clinging to her skirts.

"Luck? the best in the world. I've engaged a *splendid* house!"

"Have you? Where? Three stories high or four? Is it a high stoop, or an English basement?"

"I don't remember; but—"

"What is the rent?"

"By Jove!" ejaculated Lieutenant Rayner, growing uncomfortably hot, "I never thought to ask."

"Stationary tubs, of course, and a laundry?"

"Laundry—laundry—I didn't notice. I know there were some stairs, and a room with flowers in it!"

Mrs. Hooper elevated her eyebrows despairingly.

"I can go back and inquire!" said Charley, with cheerful alacrity.

And he did; but when he reported himself the second time, Mrs. Hooper gained very little substantial information on the subject.

We do not venture to chronicle the number of errands Charley invented to "House to Let" during the solitary week of leisure that remained to him. We only know that Private Carver, slowly recovering from tedious fevers in the hospital, was considerably astonished at the exceeding attentions lavished on him by Lieutenant Rayner.

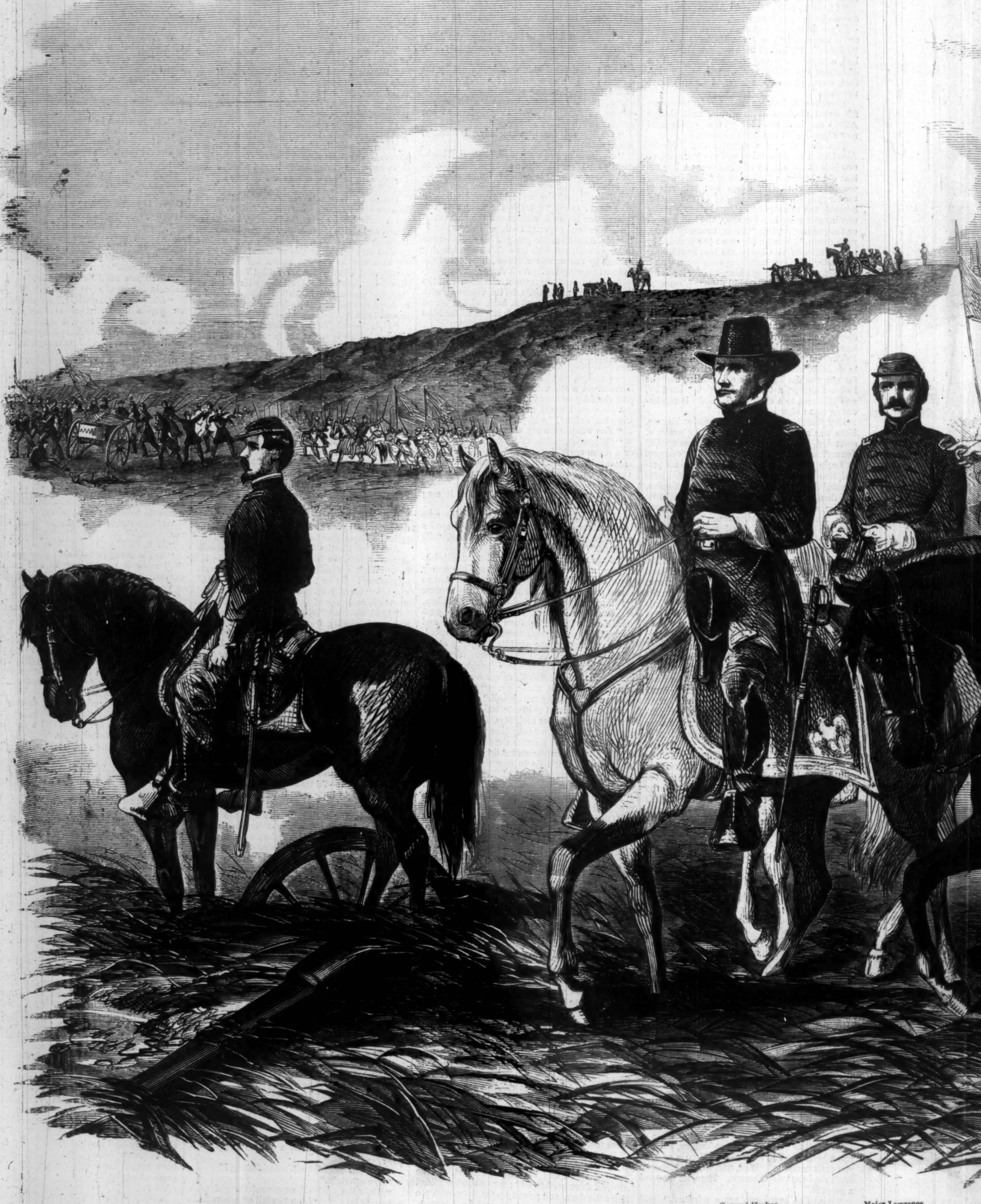
It was not long before the young officer obtained another brief furlough, and came home express just as the May violets were dying under the crimson eclipse of June roses!

"Don't torture me any longer, Amy! I tell you I love you better than all the world—better than my own life! Don't be cruel, dearest. Say yes or no!"

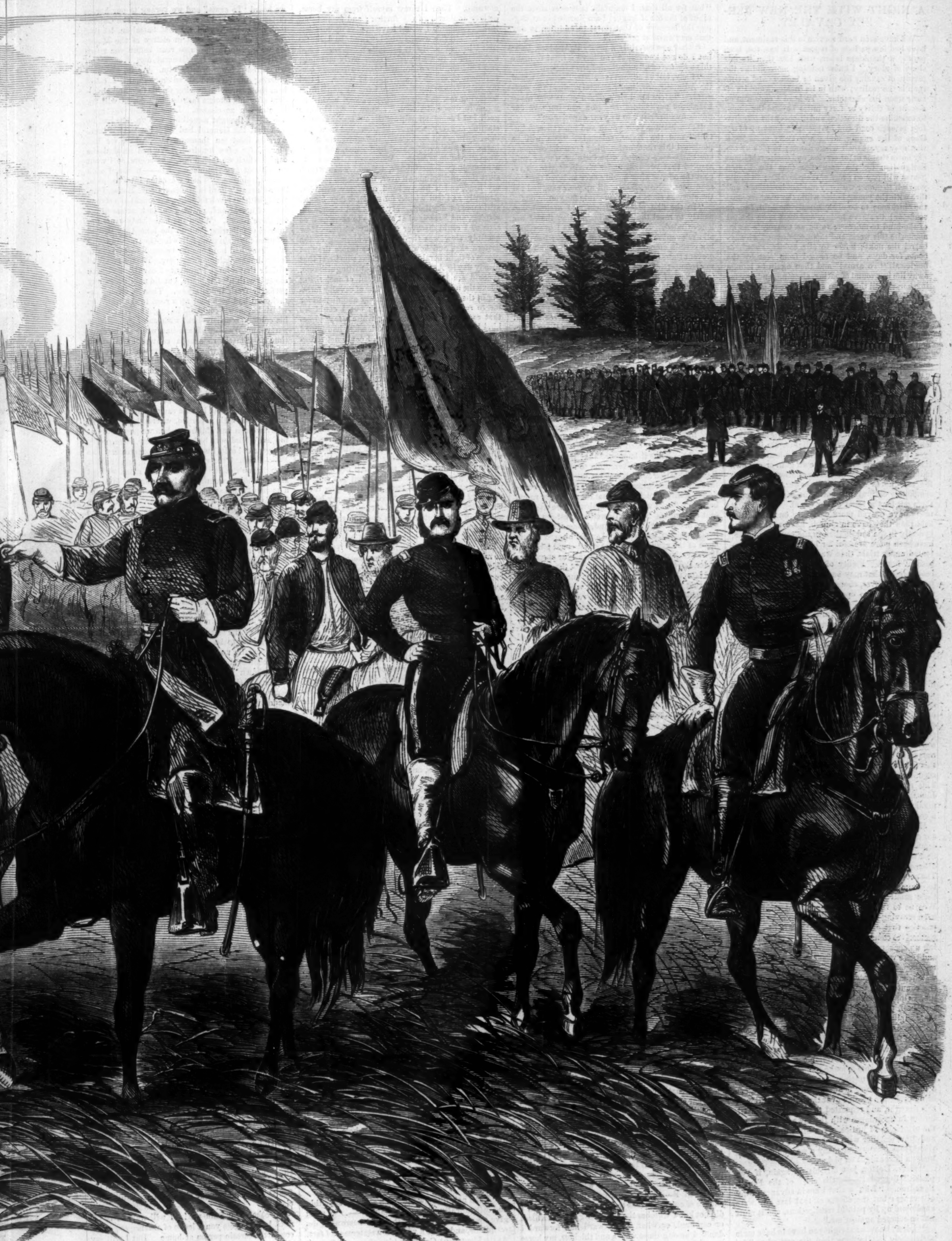
Sweet and soft the monosyllable came—so low *you* could not have heard it amidst the warble of the canary-bird and the rustle of the rose-vines on the sunset piazza. But Charles Rayner would have caught the silver accents through all the crash of armies and the thunder of innumerable artillery!

"My love, my darling—my precious prize!"

Won forever! But who would have imagined that Lieutenant Rayner of the ——th Cavalry could have garnered so much happiness from the very unromantic and *real* business of House-Hunting!


Captain Candler.
General Hooker.
Major Lawrence.

MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER, COMMANDING THE ARMY OF THE POTO


Colonel Dickenson.
Captain Russell.
Captain Moore.

OTOMAC, AND HIS PERSONAL STAFF.—[From a Drawing by Mr. A. R. Waud.]

A NIGHT WITH THE NEW JERSEY CAVALRY.

We have seen hard service in this regiment, and have had few periods of repose. It has, too, been mostly a thankless labor, with less than its fair share of glory. I know nothing more unlike the picture of cavalry life given by authors and artists than is the reality, both in its incidents and its effects upon the character. To head a squadron on a scout of thirty or forty miles beyond the lines; to examine the direction and discover the termination of each road and by-path; to hunt up every trace of the enemy, and study every horse-track that may reveal their whereabouts; to pick up every horse that is fit for service, and excite rebellious indignation by the assurance that the United States will pay on proof of their loyalty; to invite yourself to dinner with any resident household, and flirt with the young ladies while the troopers steal the chickens; to be always ready for fight, fun, or scamper; to starve to-day, and feast upon the fat of the land to-morrow; to be as temperate as an anchorite this week, and tap a confiscated whisky-barrel the next; never to stir saddle, sword, or boots for days, and be roused from rest by the bugle-call "To arms!" and then again to lounge away life in a round of eating, sleeping, and grooming horses—all this in an atmosphere of profanity, rude license, and reckless joviality, alternating with an absolute dead monotony of thought and habit—may, it is easy to conceive, have an effect upon character very different from the fancies of our friends at home, who read "Charles O'Malley" and "Tom Burke of Ours."

And yet all this external evil, no doubt, makes men seem worse than they really are; and some of us are probably better men now than when we loitered on at home, with no real excuse for our careless self-indulgence and heartless levity. I think the man who drinks with a relish whisky out of a canteen is not really more dissipated than when he would spend thought as well as money in arranging a costly revel; that the frightful profanity of the lips is perhaps a lighter sin in God's eyes than the habitual hardening the heart against His Word for the sake of our own gain or our own indulgence; that yielding to temptations here, with few safeguards against their power, does not so completely enthrall our nature as when we sought them out for the relief of our ennui. I know that many have prayed more earnestly on the battle-field than they have in church, have worked more honestly in the saddle than in the counting-house, have been more grateful for blessings, less discontented under trials, than would ever have been the case at home. Plenty of good resolutions have been formed, that may be carried into effect in the future of our lives, though I must confess most of us postpone action upon them until after we shall have left the army.

These reflections are natural enough at any time, but they have no very apparent connection with the talk of a body of officers who met together one evening lately in camp. In fact, there was more than the one reason for their gathering together for enjoyment on this particular night.

Our division commissary had imported among his officers' stores a considerable supply of whisky, which could be purchased for little more than government price. Now, as for months we had been paying about two dollars a pint for the vile composition vended by our sutlers, this abundance seemed to us too good to be true; and we were consequently continually endeavoring to convince ourselves of its reality. To such an extent had this been carried, that a general order had been issued, restricting each officer to a gallon a week. This regulation was to take effect on the first of January; so the officers determined to have a carnival before their entrance upon the new year and a course of comparative sobriety.

Head-quarters was a very comfortable place for our gathering. A wall-tent and a Sibley had been combined into quite a spacious apartment, and the floor was neatly covered with boards obtained from a barn in the neighborhood of *another* regiment. The people who lived around our camp had nothing to complain of except the apparent migration of their small live-stock the day after our arrival. Woe be to the man who was caught stealing, or even straying out of camp; so it was only by long practice that our men learned the art of making themselves comfortable, and at the same time keeping up appearances. However, there the floor was, and there were tables and benches of the same materials. There was also the roasted body of a pig, which had attempted to pass our pickets without the countersign, paying for his rashness with his life. Opposite smoked a noble round of commissary beef, presented by that official in return for the compliment of an invitation. Our vegetables were beans and potatoes, and the side-dishes consisted of fried pork and hard biscuit. Camp appetites soon demolished this unusually magnificent entertainment; and the reliable contrabands removed its fragments to make room for a mess-kettle filled with noble punch, whose fragrance awakened a longing for closer acquaintance. The surgeon being invited to preside over the administration of this draught, and requested to regulate its distribution in accordance with the laws of health and the principles of justice. We filled up the stove, and drew together with that sense of comfort, derived from memory, of many a weary march and many a bitter night on picket.

"Here, Doctor, just fill this up again, if you please," begged B——, the chief of the Fourth Squadron. "I know that I am in advance of my allowance; but the effects of that last cup were swallowed up by painful recollections, and it must not be counted against me."

"I don't know what right you have to have more melancholy recollections than the rest of us," interposed A——: "and unless you prove your assertion you must go dry, besides suffering such other punishment as the court may inflict."

"Since Frank has been judge-advocate he is frightfully rigid and technical," answered B——; "but for all that, I maintain that ever since the night of the 8th of August I am justified in assuaging the memory of that thirst in addition to any that may exist at present."

"That was certainly a pretty tight place, Bob; but I do not know that you have a right to make this a *tighter* one," adjudicated the surgeon.

"I say, tell us about that affair, B——," begged the Adjutant, who had but lately joined the regiment. "Here are half a dozen of us who never heard the particulars, and you can improve our minds by imparting to us your experience."

"Considering your youth and ignorance, Adjutant," said the Major, solemnly, "you will be pardoned this time for bringing upon the company one of B——'s stories, especially as we are well assured that you will under no circumstances repeat the offense after having once endured the consequences. Now, B——, fill up your can, and cut the story as short as it is possible for you to do."

"In the first place, gentlemen, I desire indignantly to repel the Major's insinuation that I am long-winded. No one is so careful as I to exclude all irrelevant matter from my narratives; but there is a certain amount of necessary detail required to prevent those interruptions and inquiries which are so disconcerting to a narrator; and also certain alternations of light and shade requisite for the artistic presentation of the incident, which, in their own bare outline, would be displeasing to the cultivated taste, which I must presume to be possessed by the distinguished officers whom I see around me. Gentlemen, I intend to continue these introductory remarks until the Doctor returns to me a full cup, instead of sipping—abstractedly, of course—the one which I lately handed up to him to be replenished. Ah, thank you. Now here is the story:

"I suppose that you all remember that Jackson and Ewall crossed fifteen thousand men over the Rapidan, at Barnett's and Cave's Fords, during the night of the 7th of August. They drove in the Pennsylvania pickets, who were, however, so used to being driven in that they did not examine closely how many men were doing it until toward daylight, Thus it happened that Bayard did not send a courier with information to me or picket at Rapidan Station until it was too late for him to get through. The regiment on our left had not yet connected with our pickets, so that the rebels got round both our flanks while we remained there as innocent as lambs. Now M'Dowell had just got somewhere in our neighborhood, and, being of an inquiring disposition, wanted to find out for himself a little more of the country than Crawford could tell him. It was rather late in the day, like all the operations under Pope; but still, as he no doubt thought, better late than never. So on the morning of the 8th that topographical engineer, whom the chaplain had been carrying about the road to Barnett's, came trotting down to our post, asking all sorts of questions, and scrawling over a sheet of paper what, to initiated eyes, was probably a sketch of the country. At last he wanted to be put upon the road from the station to Culpepper, along the east side of Cedar Mountain; in which desire I was as anxious as he that he should not be balked. So I started with him myself, to make sure that he would not wander back in search of further information. I carried him a mile or two, telling him whither the cross-roads led, and then with a sense of relief left him to his own devices. As I was quietly riding back, I heard a *bang, bang, bang*, which was rather significant, coming as it did from the direction of my pickets. As you may fancy, it did not take long for me to cut across to my reserve post. It seemed to me, however, as I approached it, that it was rather more to the right than I had established it; and a sudden gleam of sunshine flashing through the trees, revealed to me faces with which I was entirely unacquainted. Just at that moment, too, a 'Who comes *thar?*' in unmistakable Virginian, let me know that I had run my head into a hornet's nest. The rapidity with which I made a flank movement would have won me honorable mention from those tacticians of the newspapers who are so determined to introduce that manœuvre, right or wrong, into every engagement. The fact that a bullet went through my hat, and that the gallop of half a dozen horses could be distinguished in my rear, did not moderate the speed of my retreat. I was cut off from my pickets; I could not tell whether they had been taken or not; and the only road open appeared to be that toward camp. My time along that road beat the race at Harrisonburg hollow; but as I soon threw out my pursuers, I came down to a trot as I got into the neighborhood of what I considered safety. You know the old house that stood on the other side of the road to the Station from our camp. As I came up an old negro wench stole out from the quarters, and beckoned to me, warningly. 'For de good Lord's sake, Massa Officer,' whispered she, 'don't you go up dar. Dey's jus' as thick as bees dar.' She had hardly got away from me, and I had just begun to dodge through the pines, when a party of them caught sight of me and started with a yell in chase. Happily there was pretty good cover in that belt of woods that runs all the way up to the mountain from our camp; and as they were in the fields I could trace them by the clouds of dust, when they could not tell where I was heading."

"Yes," interrupted the Major; "they kicked up such an awful dust that we thought it was a force trying to flank us in the woods where we lay just beyond; and we fell back a mile to strengthen our position."

"I wish that I had known where you were," continued B——, "for I would have risked my chance of cutting across to join you. As it was, I did not know whether the whole brigade was killed, or captured, or what. Backward and forward I doubled among those woods and thickets, my horse covered with foam, and a cold sweat breaking out over all my body. I gradually managed to edge over to the left, while my pursuers kept more and more to the right; and at last I crossed between two parties, and plunged into the thick growth that covered the advance of their right wing the next morning. Then I threw myself from my horse, utterly unable to go any further; and feeling that if they found me I would have to give up unresistingly. The sun was getting low, and the darkness that I longed for slowly began to creep on. I had had nothing to eat or drink since early morning; and I did not dare even then to move from my concealment in search of a draught of water. I tied my sabre fast to my saddle to keep its jingle from betraying me, and crouching low, kept a vigilant watch in every direction. I knew it could do no good, but I could not help gazing anxiously around, starting at every rustle of the trees, and trembling in every nerve at each stamp and movement of my horse. I was overpowered by fatigue, and yet it was impossible to sleep. Whenever I lapsed into a momentary forgetfulness, I would wake with a start that thrilled me all over, fancying a pistol at my head, and a heavy hand upon my shoulder. Ardently as I had wished for night, I now longed still more for daylight. My thirst had become absorbing, and I resolved at all risks to assuage it as soon as I could discover water any where. How horribly slow was the gradual whitening of the eastern sky, and how long it was before the first gleam of light heralded the glorious sunrise of that bloody day! As the earth became distinguishable, I could see indistinctly, far ahead of me, rising above the mist of the valley, a line of cavalry forming in the fields. It was too misty and distant for me to recognize their uniforms; but I could see that each man had something white strapped behind his saddle. The Rhode Islanders had joined only the day before, so, of course, I could not recognize them; and I thought that the rebels must have advanced beyond my hiding-place. However, I must have a drink of water, and I could see the line of bushes which bordered that little brook, which winds round the base of the hill upon which we camped. It was only a couple of hundred yards off, and the mist was pretty thick; so leaving my horse, I stole down to it. Deep in I plunged my head and neck, feeling its freshness cool my fevered blood; and then I drank, and drank, and drank, as if I could never satisfy the delight with which my palate welcomed the delicious draught. When I rose up I was like a new man. All my nervousness had gone, and my coolness and presence of mind returned to me at once, and I tell you there was need of it. I turned to go back to my horse, but before I left the shelter of the bushes there was a flash of light between him and me that is not easily mistaken by a man who has once seen it. Right and left as I looked I could see the same gleam, each time coming a little closer. There was no mistaking the shining of the muskets of the rebel skirmishers as they began to advance. With a bound of my heart I knew that the cavalry I had seen must be our fellows, and I felt that I must reach them at once. Crouching beneath the bushes I followed up the stream till I came to a fence, and, protected by that and the last of the fog, made my way toward the skirmishers. You may fancy how I felt when the fog suddenly lifted, and there, within stone-throw, stood B——l, with the carbineers of the First Squadron. I believe that I could have cried if I had not been ashamed. When you gave me that cup of coffee, Major, you seemed to be giving me a new lease of life, and I was able to borrow a remount and report to Bayard. He did not seem happy at the idea that one of his best squadrons was missing, but still he sent me back to report to Pope without many words. And there the first men that I saw, on entering Culpepper, were my own boys resting by the road-side. The rebels had attacked from both sides, from Raccoon Ford and Barnett's, and had driven in our pickets three several times. But L——, with his quiet coolness, had deliberately reposted them each time, as if he had a brigade at his back instead of sixty men. This actually seemed to paralyze the rebels, and they manœuvred about without advancing all the afternoon. It was not till evening that their reinforcements came up, and in the darkness they did not venture any thing except to try whether our men were still at their places. The next morning L—— found one regiment half a mile on one side of him, and two about the same distance on the other. Quietly withdrawing his pickets, he marched through the woods between their two forces, and got into Culpepper before the enemy had found out that the road was clear for their advance. I shall always think that the delay occasioned by his steadiness saved us the loss of the day; for if their right had been able to flank us around the mountain early in the morning we would have been overwhelmed before Banks could have joined us."

"We have listened with interest to the text, B——," interrupted J——, of Company L; "don't spoil it by commentary. I fancy if you had been with us that same morning of the 8th you could have made an equally thrilling history. The Jersey boys were amusing themselves on the right as well as on the left, and had our hands about as full—in fact fuller—by twenty odd prisoners."

"By-the-way, J——, you might as well tell that as an appendix to B——'s story, and as materials for the history of the campaign upon the Rapidan. I want to know exactly who took those prisoners, whether it was Lieutenant-Colonel K——, or you, or B——n, or the whole batch of you combined. I know that we had got very tired of holding the rebels in front till you should get back; and if we had not believed that Jersey boys had as many lives as a cat we would have given you all up half an hour before we welcomed you in."

"I can not, like B——, tell a story so smoothly and categorically," began Captain J——. "I must give up all attempts at pathos and harrowing descriptions, and make a very plain statement of fact. As the Lieutenant-Colonel told us afterward, Bayard had informed him late that night that the rebs had crossed a tolerably large party, and were annoying our pickets; so old K—— proposed that he should take one battalion, sweep round in their rear, and drive them right into the mouth of the General and the rest of the brigade. About three o'clock we heard 'To arms!' and we sprang to our horses faster than we had ever done before. The Colonel took my company and the first battalion, leaving the rest of the regiment in charge of the Major. As we got up to the cross road before you reach Slaughter's house, the General met K—— and whispered a few words to him. As he was just ordering me forward as advance-guard, I could hear the answer. Screwing up his face and shoulders after his foreign fashion, he said, 'I will try it, and run ze chance. Let us know vat you about.' I thought something was up, but had no idea that the General had told K—— that there were at least ten thousand men, where we had planned for a few hundred. We had scouted the course which we took a few days before, so I went on without any trouble—sent B——n ahead with some carbineers. When we came into the road from Barnett's Ford to Madison Court House, I noticed, without much thinking, the tracks of a strong body of horse; and, pushing on, took across direct for Cave's Ford. When the main body came up, instead of following me into the lane, they turned off upon the main road, following the tracks I speak of. They had not gone far before K—— began to fancy that something was wrong. The road showed plainly that a large regiment of cavalry had been along it within a few hours, but did not display any perfectly fresh indentations. Then a strong detachment had been sent up a road to the right, on which he knew I could not have gone. He stopped his column, sent Br—l out with one reconnoitring party, and W—— with another, while at the same time he himself rode up a convenient hill from which to observe what was going on toward the river. All this time I was pushing my way forward around the edge of the woods. How the rebs ever left their flank so unguarded I can not understand; but we did not come upon a picket or even a vidette, though we must have gone over two miles. At last we came suddenly on that large house with a portico, where there were so many women and children, when we passed to get to Cave's Ford once before, and where those pretty two-year-old colts awakened our covetousness. As B——n turned the corner, he saw a rebel soldier lounging on the porch, and some few more, without arms, standing around the kitchen-door. Without a moment's pause he dashed forward, and I, seeing him, came at speed in his rear. There were more than twenty men at the place, and the nice old secesh lady was getting them a breakfast. They were nearly all too surprised to run, never having fancied that a breakfast, two miles in rear of their advance, and within rifle-shot of their camp, could be interrupted by a party of Yankee cavalry. The Lieutenant was the only one who ran, and his legs certainly carried him well; but they could not go as fast as my black. So, when he saw my sabre over his head, he gave up, and quietly returned with me. We were in too great a hurry to sit down to table; but, assuring the mistress of the house that we could not allow her preparations to be useless, we transferred every thing portable to our pockets and haversacks. I must confess she was not as flattered as she might have shown herself at our polite consideration. The best of the joke was, that the proprietor of the house, a tall and very corpulent man, who had made himself very active in the rebel service, had returned home with this party, consoling himself with the thought that he might now live there in safety. Not knowing much about him, we should have left him undisturbed if he had not been betrayed by his own fears. He managed, under the stimulus of apprehension, to creep between the underpinning of the house and the ground, and there he lay gasping, finding it an uncommonly tight fit. Now whether he had shrunk while the panic was on him at first, or swelled with his suppressed emotion afterward, it is certain that while we were stowing away the breakfast we heard the most extraordinary gaspings from beneath the floor; and an investigation revealed to us the master of the house, and a Colonel of Virginia Militia, in the unmilitary and undignified situation which I have just described. I assure you it took six stout men to extricate him, with his plumage ruffled, and numerous abrasions of his cuticle. Unmoved by his melancholy plight to any emotion but laughter, we carried him along with us, rejoined K——, marched through woods and hollows for miles, and, no less to our own surprise than that of our prisoners, marched them right up to General Bayard in the face of their whole army. Now I think that the occurrences of that day, and our behavior during the battle on the next, are things of which we ought to be prouder than we are; and I believe if we did let people know what we really were doing, we would not have them turning up their noses at our cavalry in the way in which they do. But I have just been lecturing B—— for making a speech, and I will not commit the same fault myself. Doctor, give me a drink."

As J—— refreshed himself after his unusual exertion, the Captain of Company I, with a half-jocular sneer, muttered audibly enough to be heard, "I am beginning to think that we are all heroes without our knowing it. B—— is a hero for not getting captured; J—— is distinguished for dodging around the enemy's lines. I think I ought to be made a brigadier at least for what I did."

"Hallo, Y——!" exclaimed his bosom-friend, Lieutenant A——, of Company L, "have we been hurting your delicate sensibilities? Reveal to us the injustice, and we will rectify it, if possible. I will engage to use my private influence with the Secretary to make your claims known and appreciated."

"Bother your influence! I will wait to use it until I find it gets you a leave of absence to go and comfort a certain person at home. But I will say that I dodged about among the rebs for three days under aggravating circumstances, and brought myself and my horse and all my men out safe; and, as I am in a talking mood, I will tell you more about it than I have done yet.

"When Pope had permitted Jackson to march in his rear for twenty-four hours before the intelligence reached him, he seemed to have a notion that he might as well try to stop Longstreet from following in his footsteps. So Colonel W—— marched us along to Thoroughfare Gap, to hold it with his two hundred cavalry against a rebel army corps. After taking more prisoners than we knew what to do with, and finding Longstreet pushing pretty hard at us, W—— set us to work like day-laborers blockading the Gap, and a very neat operation we made of it. Indeed, we did it so well that I had hard work to get back myself. That was very pretty, so far; but, unfortunately, our commanders seemed to have forgotten the existence of Hopewell Gap, and that little road between it and Thoroughfare. Wyndham, who generally kept his eyes open, sent me, with a dozen men, to keep an eye upon it; and General Bayard soon after bringing up the rest of the brigade, the Harris Light deployed some skirmishers in that direction. They kept, however, at a respectful distance behind me; for I knew what Wyndham wanted, and had to push on. When I took my post I sent back and got the Harris officer to connect with me tolerably near. Just about sunset their cavalry began to show through the woods in small parties. I sent back word to the General, and prepared for further orders: two of my men being away—one with the Harris, and one having been sent to the Colonel. I suppose the Harris officer forgot to mention to the General my advance party, and did not think of it himself; for, the rebels making a push, he was obliged to fall back a little, without giving me any notification of the fact. So the first thing I knew I saw parties of rebs lying around loose in every direction. As I saw it my heart began to beat 'Libby Prison, Libby Prison, Libby Prison;' and I give you my word it kept on at that tune all the three days. However, I thought that I was not taken yet, and that every day of freedom was so much gain. The boys had all those gray undershirts which the Government served out about that time; so I made them take off and stow away their jackets, informing them that they were Confederate cavalry. I knew that it was dangerous to assume the character of regular troops, so I determined to be a scouting party of partisan rangers, assuming myself the name of an old North Carolina room-mate of mine—Duncan Moore. I would have pushed that night for the Alexandria turnpike, along which Buford and King had been fighting; but the firing had grown more distant toward evening, and I was pretty certain that our men had fallen back toward Manassas Junction. So I had all Jackson's force in my way there, Longstreet's cavalry between me and Warrenton, and I did not know how many other troops between me and the Potomac. Contrary to Shakspeare's theory, I preferred to fly to evils that I knew not of, instead of bearing those that at present surrounded me. You may imagine how I stole through the woods and fields that night, along the base of the mountains, with a sharp look-out for camp-fires and strolling parties of cavalry. I did not care much for the infantry stragglers, for I knew that they would think it all right, observing us moving along like a patrol; and I think the boys rather enjoyed humbugging them when necessary. They made me out a mighty famous fellow, and looked disgusted and astonished when the men said they had never heard of 'Dunk Moore.' All along, mixed with these stragglers, were parties of wounded from King's engagement; and the only way I could get some water to drink at one of the wells was by demanding it for some wounded men. I only had one big scare that night though. I could hear a heavy column coming along right by where I had to pass; and in the only cover near by there was a fire burning. I got off my horse, and stole within sight so as not to be observed myself; and I was considerably relieved at finding that they were not even soldiers, but were a party of negroes who had probably been turned out of their quarters by surgeon's orders. I went by very bravely, and struck into the woods in the direction of the Gum-Spring road. We lay very quiet all that day, listening to the guns of Sigel's and M'Dowell's fight with Jackson. We had nothing for our horses, and only a few biscuits for ourselves, for we did not dare to light a fire to make coffee. Toward evening, finding that part of the country rather quiet, I ventured to carry my party on one of the roads. Pretty soon I saw some stacks of hay in a field near by. The horses scented it too, and I did not dare to pass for fear they would take a whinnying fit in some similar case when the sound would be inconvenient. We stole into the woods, and then, dodging along the fence, managed to reach the stacks, and got enough to keep the poor beasts alive. By this time I was out of the direct track of their columns, though within the range of their scouting and foraging parties; and though I had to be perhaps even more watchful, I ventured to push on more steadily than before. What swarms of irregular cavalry I did see!—part of their cavalry regiments, no doubt, but with a style of discipline and manner of march very different from ours. Half the column seemed to be dropping out and galloping up just as it pleased them—riding off to the houses, stopping at the wells, in fact doing just as they chose. These habits made it much more disagreeable to lie in hiding while they passed us; but as they felt no need for advance-guards or flankers so far from an enemy, all I had to do was to choose an uninviting place. Oh! how I longed to have one ride at them sometimes; and I heard the men speculating covetously on the value of some of the horses. That night we crossed the Aldie turnpike and made our way toward the river. I had to turn back from the direction of Chantilly, and got across the Loudon Railroad at Guilford Station, I think. And then I began to feel that I was almost safe, and have that longing to get quite out of danger which I once experienced swimming for my life against the tide. It was the evening of the second day. We had made so many turns that the distance traveled was nearly twice what we had gained. None of us slept very sound, and none of us had much to eat. What was almost as bad, though we had tobacco, we had no matches, and had been without smoking for two days. Now I felt rather bold; and seeing some pretty girls at a house near the road, I determined to get a light. So I rode up as boldly as could be, and greeting them very politely made known my request. They invited me in, asking the news, and making themselves very agreeable. I told them as much as I had picked up: 'that Jackson had been fighting all around Manassas and Bull Run, but that General Lee had joined him now, and that a great battle was going on, in which *our side*, as far as I knew, was whipping. That I had been sent up that way to see if the country was all clear, and that Lee intended to march right over that region to take Washington.' I might even have staid to supper; but on stepping into the house there, sitting at ease as if at home, was a full-fledged rebel cavalry-man, on whom the girl that I thought prettiest appeared to cast an eye of regard. I began to feel that I had stepped into the wrong box; but putting on a careless air, walked to the fire, took up some fire, and lighted my pipe, as if I was so accustomed to such meetings that I did not even notice them. But I found out that I could not possibly wait for supper; that it was essential that I should get to Drainesville that night, so that I might be ready to return and report to General Stuart as soon as possible. The man did not appear to notice any thing out of the way, and I congratulated myself at having got away without trouble. It was just getting dark when I got into Drainesville. It is a wretched little hole, and I had no intention of stopping there; but it would have excited so much observation if I had been seen off the road, that I had to take the risk upon it. And risky enough it looked to see thirty or forty beautiful cavalry horses standing unsaddled, but otherwise ready for service, all along the village street. There was not a house without its party, and there, to my surprise, I noticed the face of my friend of the chimney-corner. I began to feel the walls of the Libby Prison closing around me, even if they might not choose to consider me as a spy, at which notion my neck began to have a very curious sensation around it. However, I thought that I had better put on a bold face. So, riding past him, I suddenly reined up and beckoned to him. 'What officer is in command of this party?' asked I. 'There's no officer along, Sir. We're some of White's men, who have come down to see our friends. The Colonel has parties out on scout farther toward the river, and in toward the fighting; and we got leave to come here while they are in the neighborhood.' 'There are no Yankee scouts about, then, just now? I had heard differently. I am looking after some that I heard of back near Aldie.' 'None has passed here but our own men, until your party, Lieutenant, and I don't think that they can get through. I will tell any of our scouts that I see to keep a sharp look-out for them.' 'Well,' said I, 'I am going down this road until I come to water and forage. You can say that Captain Moore of the North Carolina Cavalry has passed.' Now I had made a botch of that affair undoubtedly; and had probably set them all watching, when I wanted them particularly to shut their eyes. However, I had to make the best of it, and I pushed on as fast as my jaded horses would let me. The first lane that I came to I turned up, and took my men into a wooded hollow out of view of the road, and near to a quiet little farm-house. We were all exhausted, and were actually getting faint from lack of nourishment. Before we left the regiment there had been little to eat, and since then we had been starving. I suppose that, and the notion that I had done as much damage as could be done, made me reckless; for, leaving my men, I walked straight to the house, entered, and sat down. About the most motherly-looking woman that I ever saw was sitting there by the fire. I watched her face, and something told me that she must still have an affection for the Union. She looked at me, and asked me, 'what I would have?' I boldly told her that I was a Federal officer. Shaking her head, she replied, 'This is no place for you. Their parties are passing up and down all the time. Listen!'—and I could hear the tramp of a company of cavalry moving rapidly along the road. 'I know,' said I, 'that you will not betray us. We have been for more than two days cut off from our army, and are trying to get within our lines. We have had nothing to eat, and have scarcely closed our eyes.' Before I had finished speaking the old lady had a pot on the fire, and had set to work making supper. I found that her husband was suspected by the secessionists, and that he lived a very uneasy life. He had no corn but a little hay, which he gave us for our horses; and we all got a supper which seemed to us the most delightful meal that we had ever eaten. That night, back in the hollow behind the house, we slumbered deeply; and at dawn rose up with hopes revived and ready to dare any thing. As we started off, after paying as well as we could for what we had taken, we lighted upon the old lady's husband. We halted him to his great alarm. He began to think that we must be rebels after all, and besought us to remember the good supper which he had given us in a way that moved our hearts. He was much relieved when he found that we only wanted him to show us a by-road to Falls Church. We began to be certain that there were parties out in chase of us, and we knew that our horses could not stand a race. Very quietly and cautiously we moved on; so much so that we avoided our own outposts, and first struck a picket reserve to our mutual astonishment. I could tell you how I got the party into Washington; how I saw General M'Clellan for the first time, without knowing him; how I was rather free and easy at first, and then very much scared when I found who I was talking to; how he complimented me, and how I got leave to run home for a day or two: but I have been tiresome enough as it is, and can only assure you that a great deal more happened during those three days."

"That was a little different from your first encounter with the rebels at Occoquan, eh, Y——?" said A——, looking malicious. "You don't tell that, so I shall do it for you. You see we had seized a big wagon loaded with flour, and had been obliged to leave it in Occoquan. Y—— was sent down there to bring it over. The ferry-boat was gone, the water was high, and he did not know how to manage. While he was preparing to go after it, he heard a drum and fife in the village. He dismounted some of his carbineers, placed them along the ridge commanding the ferry, and arranged for a desperate defense. The drum and fife approached, Y——'s heart beat at the awful responsibility of his first combat, and he watched anxiously for the appearance of the enemy. The head of the column appeared around the houses, moving with military dignity. Y—— examined them with his spy-glass in the attitude of Wellington at Waterloo. As he was doing so he heard a faint chuckle among his men. He took one more look, and with an expression of extreme disgust ordered his men into the small boats and pulled over to the wagon. His vision of blood and glory had been created by a lot of boys playing soldier."

THE "MONITOR."

For evermore,
By the Ocean River's soundless shore,
Where the sea-grass points, by bank and bar,
Up through the gloom to the Northern Star,
With its nerves of fibrous iron set
To the sullen throe and strain
With which its stormy fate was met
On the spectral midnight main,
Fathomless under the restless wave,
In its battle-armor dressed,
Like a knight of old in his warrior grave,
The *Monitor* lies at rest.

The white-winged ships
Glide through the foam above;
And the trembling needle veers and dips
From its ancient, starry love.
A sentinel world its palsied hand
Drops at the voiceless stern command
Of the hulk that first with its iron will
Bade the startled hearts of men grow still,
And yields to a stronger its old control
Of the mystic forces that guard the pole.

Startling, sublime,
Blotting the records of elder time,
Was the coming day that should break the sleep
Of men who dreamed that the rocking deep
Bore on its bosom no mightier power
Than in their brain was born,
When, in the evening's bodeful hour
Of terror wild,
This youngest child
Of the forge and the anvil, silently
Crossed the verge of the outer sea,
And through the summer midnight's haze,
Half lit by the frigate's dying blaze,
Awaited the awful morn.

Sunrise upon the bay,
And ripples glistening in the slanting ray,
Peaceful as when the fifth day came
Upon a world yet unbeheld by eyes
That held the seeds of flame.
Peace in the azure skies,
And under two dark forms of iron hide,
Fire-hearted, bloody-throated, eager-eyed,
Nearing each other with constricted breath,
Alert, suspicious, wary, still as death.

Boom!
A sound like the terrible shock of doom;
And a tongue of flame behind the smoke,
That white from the hidden port-hole broke,
In mockery of a flag of peace;
The blow of a thunder-bolt falling in vain,
Hissing off in the gulfing main;
Blow after blow without surcease,
Like the hopeless strokes by the archfiend given
To the angel-guarded walls of heaven;
Till battered, broken, drenched with blood,
Seams open wide to the eager flood,
The ocean monster, stubborn, fierce,
As the treason that gave it birth,
And the wrong that only the sword shall pierce,
Till this is a freeman's earth,
Slunk away to its fever den,
While the *Monitor* should be,
In the gladdened eyes of God and men,
Crowned King of the Sea.

Its work was done;
The era of iron right begun;
The first great battle fought and won.
Well that the champion ship should be
Enshrined in the heart of the loving sea;
To feel forever her pulses go
Thrilling metallic veins below;
Safe from the weakness of growing age,
The battle's shock, and the whirlwind's rage!

The swinging tide,
Swinging through circles ocean wide,
Shall pause a moment beside the wreck,
Softly slide on the bolted deck,
Wind through the rusting port-holes grim,
Circle the turret's outer rim,
And kiss the cannon's silent lips,
That spoke the decrees of the king of ships;
And then away to the misty shores,
Where the gull is scared by the fisher's oars;
And under the skies where the northern bear
Paces around in the midnight glare;
By Iceland's mountains of frost and snow,
Whose feet are red in the fires below;
By the Empire Isles, eternally
Watching the lilies over the sea;
By the stormy shores of wild Biscay,
And the vine-clad capes of Spain,
To the burning sands that have heard for aye
The clank of the bondman's chain;
And across where the tropic whirlwinds rise
Round the throne of the Western Queen;
Till the waters pause where the *Monitor* lies,
In the slanting sea-grass green,
And tell of the mist, frost, fire, and sun,
Suspicion, hopes, and fears,
And the growing might of the good begun
Through the never-failing years,
Till they glide at last in a sunny round,
By lands redeemed to hands unbound,
And smile in their happiness silently
As they pass the *Monitor* under the sea.

THE CAMPAIGN IN LOUISIANA.

We publish on page 292 two illustrations of General Banks's Campaign in Louisiana, from sketches by Mr. F. H. Schell. Mr. Schell writes:

"The sketch of Brashear City is appropriate at this time, as it was at this point the majority of General Banks's troops crossed on pontoon bridges in pursuit of the rebels under Sibley. It is the temporary terminus of the New Orleans, Opelousas, and Great Western Railroad, and has been held by our troops as an outpost since last summer. The gun-boats shown are the *Calhoun*, on board of which Commander Buchanan was killed last winter, and which lately succeeded in destroying the *Queen of the West;* the *Diana*, lately burned by the rebels, to prevent her falling into our hands; and the *Estrella*, an English vessel, captured while trying to run the blockade.

"The gun-boat *Barrataria*, shown in the other sketch, was a popular little craft, built for a sugar-boat to navigate shallow bayous, and converted into a gun-boat since General Banks took command of the Department of the Gulf. While on a reconnoitring expedition up the Amite River recently she ran on a snag, from which it was impossible to extricate her. She was burned to prevent her falling into the hands of the rebs, who kept up a hot fire from ambush all the while she was ashore, but did not succeed in injuring any body."

THE NAVAL HOSPITAL BOAT "RED ROVER."

This institution, which we illustrate on page 300, is under the charge of Surgeon George H. Bixby and Dr. Hopkins, and is an untold comfort to our sick or wounded sailors. The sketch shows the main ward, in which are accommodations for over two hundred patients. The Sister is one of those good women whose angelic services have been sung by poets and breathed by grateful convalescents all the world over. The convalescents are placed in a ward for their sole use, where they smoke, read, and generally enjoy themselves. The boat itself, a clean, roomy craft, is under the command of a gallant old sailor.

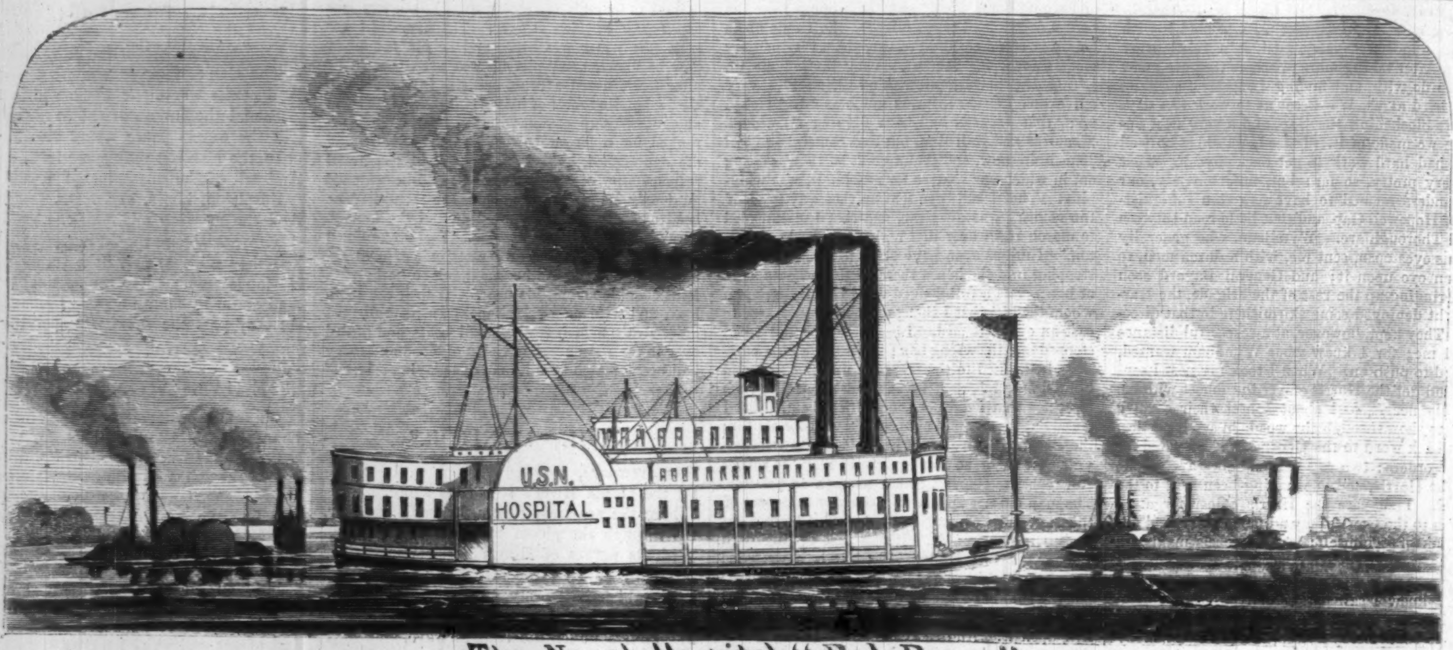
THE FEAT OF THE "ESCORT."

On page 301 we illustrate the magnificent exploit of the steamer *Escort*, in running the rebel blockade between Washington, North Carolina, and Newbern, on 15th. Mr. Forbes, the author of the sketch from which our illustration was taken, writes us as follows:

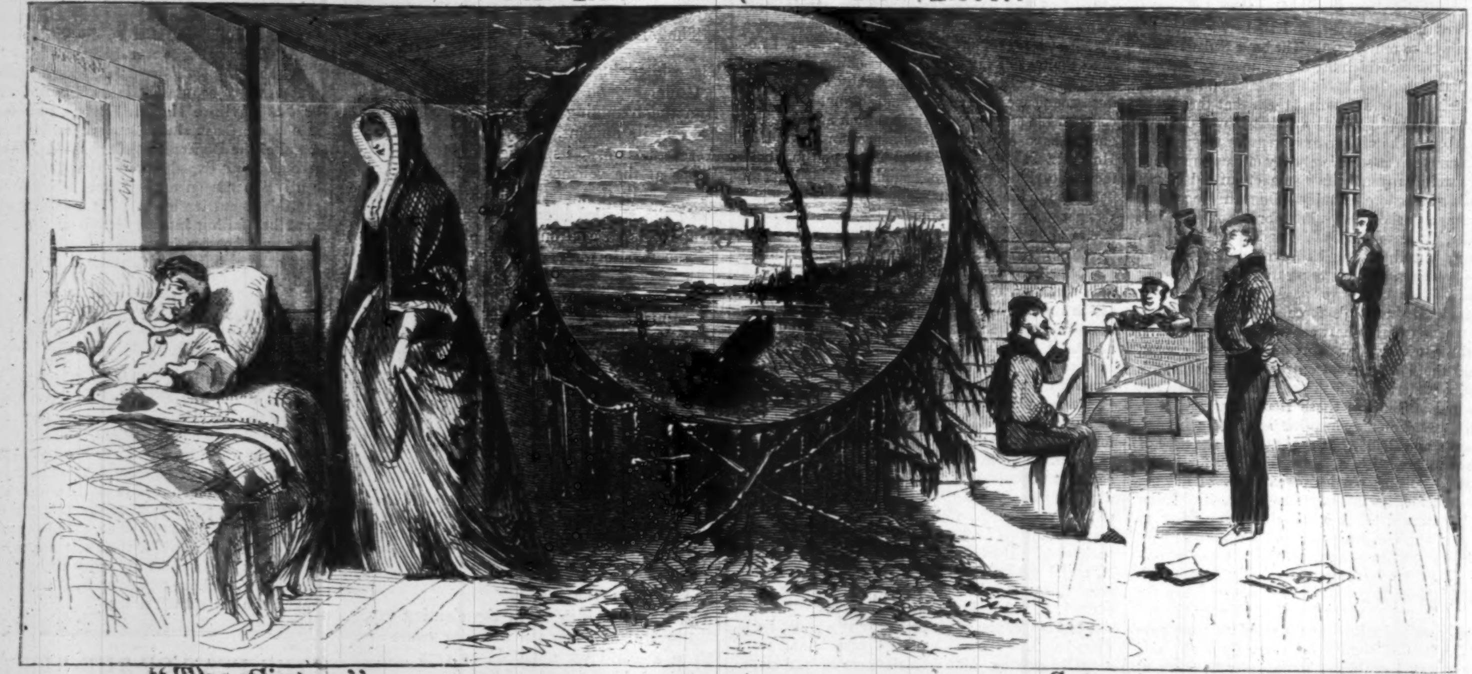
"Newbern, *April* 17, 1863.

"I herewith send you a sketch of the steamer *Escort*, Captain Wall, of Philadelphia, passing under a cross-fire from the rebel batteries at Rodman's Point, about four miles below Washington, North Carolina, on the morning of the 15th April, with Major-General Foster on board, determined to run the boat to Newbern at all hazards. From the brave and gallant Captain Wall I have obtained the following account of the affair:

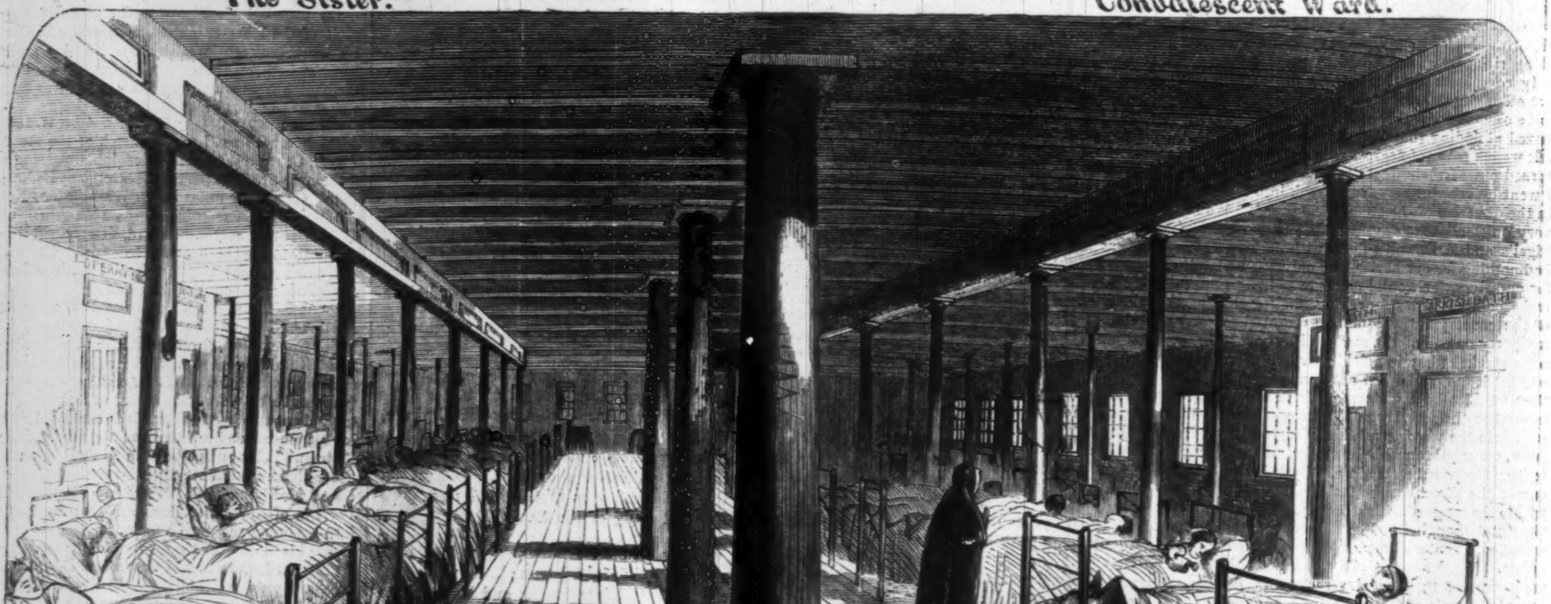
"'At 5.30 a.m. I left the wharf at Washington, North Carolina, under full head of steam, with Major-General Foster on board, bound to Newbern, North Carolina; at 6 a.m. the rebels opened fire upon me from Rodman's Point, raking the steamer "fore and aft." At 6.30 abreast of Rodman's Battery, about two hundred yards distant, still receiving a tremendous fire from four 12-pounder guns at Rodman's Point and three from Hill's Point, a little above Rodman's Point; and also from sharp-shooters all along the bank. Here my pilot, William Patrick, of North Carolina, was shot dead at my feet—as brave and good a man as ever lived—scattering his blood over the floor and upon my person. At this perilous moment I remembered that a negro on board was something of a pilot. He was sent to me, but being too frightened to be of service, I took the helm myself, and giving my engineer orders to crowd on all steam possible, the steamer dashed through the obstructions, which consisted of four rows of spiles, placed in such a zigzag position that there was no possibility of "dodging," and nothing to do but to dash through and trust a kind Providence with the results. One cannon-shot passed through the General's room, over the foot of his bunk; another, a shell, passed through the kitchen, passing through a boiler on the stove, also through a bale of hay, taking off a negro's arm, and finally landed in the engine-room, where it exploded. Still another shell burst against the pilot-house, shattering it badly, and scattering the splinters about us promiscuously, knocking down Henry Gallop and hitting me, not seriously, in several places. The damages by the shell in the engine-room were as follows: The links connecting the walking-beam badly bent, eccentric rod completely broken, hangers bent, set screws broken, air barrel on steam-pump injured, slide of air-pump broken, and many other slight damages.'"



The Naval Hospital "Red Rover."



"The Sister." Convalescent Ward.

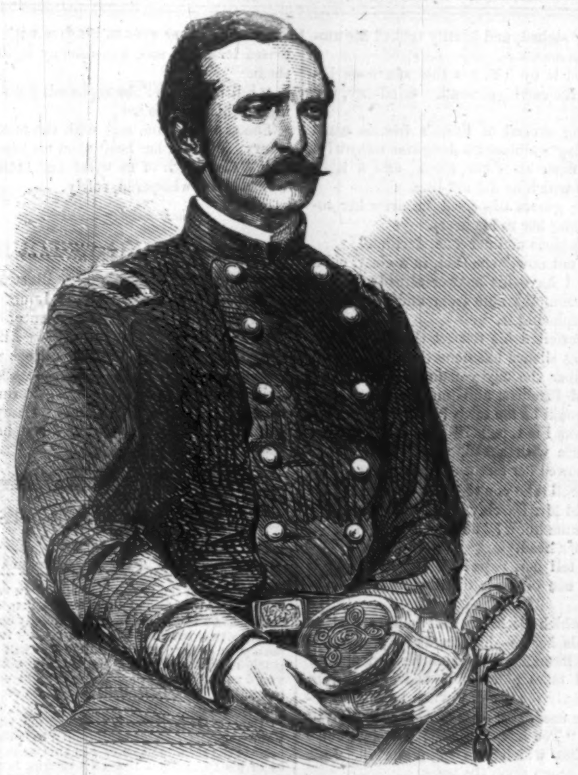


The Ward.

THE FLOATING HOSPITAL ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—Drawn by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 301.]

PRINCE SALM-SALM.

We publish herewith a portrait of **Prince Salm-Salm**, Colonel 8th New York Volunteers, from a photograph by Brady. This officer, who won distinction as a cavalry officer in Prussia, arrived here on the outbreak of our war with a letter from the King, and was received with cordiality. His first wish was to command a regiment of cavalry. This, however, was found to be impracticable in consequence of the Prince's ignorance of the English language. He was accordingly placed on General Blenker's staff. After serving in this capacity for some months he was appointed to the command of General Blenker's old regiment, the 8th New York Volunteers, which he has led throughout the war. The regiment has completed its term of service, and returned home last week. We presume that the Prince will soon find some new sphere in which he can continue serving the country.



PRINCE SALM-SALM, COLONEL 8TH REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

WISER AND BETTER.

She was walking hastily up the hill-side in a fitful mood.

On the brow of the hill a large old maple spread its branches, targets for the golden arrows quivering from the autumn sunset.

Gertrude had flung her jaunty little flat with its curled dark-blue feather upon the ground, while seating herself under the old tree, and now, resting her soft cheek upon her hand, dreamed until the flush in the west faded to amber. When at length she raised her head a large tear was slowly rolling down her cheek. It fell upon a scarlet leaf tangled in the fringe of her shawl.

"Mocking the happy days of last autumn," she sighed, brushing the glistening tear away. "I wonder if Walter will ever again twine bright leaves among my curls." Stooping forward she caught up her flat by one of its long ribbons, and gathering her shawl closely around her, leisurely descended the hill. At its base she struck into a path leading to a quaint little brown cottage.

"Och! Miss Gerthrude, ye been gone so long honey, an' a swate jintleman in rigimentals awaitin' to see yer purty face, an' yer Aunt Milly at the Squire's lint party. Don't be so eager-like, dear; it's not the like o' Misther Walther at all, at all."

Gertrude gasped frightfully, leaning against the hall table for support.

Bridget appeared distressed.

"Would I run for wather for ye, honey?"

"No, no." She paused, pressed her hand to her side as if in pain, then resolutely turned the handle of the parlor door and entered.

A gentleman was slowly walking back and forth before the wood fire crackling upon the hearth. As Gertrude closed the door behind her he paused, and then advanced a step or two toward her.

"I must introduce myself," said a rich, kind voice. "Bethel Stuart—Miss Fitz Hugh, a friend of Walter Steyn."

"And he? What news of him?" burst from Gertrude's lips, raising her eager eyes to his face.

"He was wounded."

"Oh! not killed, thank God, not killed!" she cried, interrupting him, clasping her small hands, her beautiful eyes brimful of sudden tears.

Mr. Stuart looked extremely distressed.

"Poor child!" he said, soothingly, laying his hand upon her bright hair, "would that it were *not killed*. But poor Walter died of his wound upon the battle-field."

The bright flush of excitement faded from her cheek. She raised her brown eyes to his with a pleading glance.

"He is not dead. No, no, not dead; only say he is not dead!" she uttered in a hoarse whisper.

Mr. Stuart shook his head sadly.

"Oh, my God, Walter, Walter!" she cried, in low, altered tones.

Bethel Stuart caught her ere she fell. Tenderly gathering her into his strong arms he laid her white and breathless upon the sofa.

A rush of cold air from the opened window roused her. The long dark eyelashes quivered almost imperceptibly, the pale mouth parted with a gasping sound.

Mr. Stuart left her for an instant and came back with a glass of cool spring water. She drank a little, he holding the glass.

"I am quite strong now," she said, in a faint voice; "please go on."

The recital was a painful one. When Mr. Stuart had finished a look of relief spread over his fine features.

"You must let me be a friend to you now," he continued, bending toward her. "It was *his* wish."

Gertrude raised her wet face.

"You loved Walter," she said, in scarcely audible tones; "your breast pillowed his dying head—indeed, indeed your sympathy is very precious to me. Poor, poor Walter! Were those his last words," she continued, vainly striving to steady her voice.

"They were his words," Bethel Stuart answered, evasively. "Your name was the last word upon his lips."

"May I come this way sometimes and see how you are? Now that I have two little orphan nephews to care for I shall not return to the war. I had thrown up my commission before the last battle, but waited to see how Walter would fare. I am rejoiced that I did so. Good-by, Miss Fitz Hugh; I must be in the city this evening and have barely time to catch the down train."

* * * * * * * * * *

Edith Barclay stood before a mirror in her mother's softly-lighted parlors, fastening a japonica bud among her dark glossy braids.

"Mamma, how late Bethel is to-night!"

"Yes, my love."

"Edith, dear," Mrs. Barclay resumed, after a slight cough of embarrassment, "it strikes me you are too exacting—that is—"

"Pray go on, mamma," said Edith, turning with an air of superb scorn toward her mother, a frail looking lady with a sweet, low voice.

"Never mind now, my love. That is Mr. Stuart's ring. I was in hopes you would have understood me," she added.

Mrs. Barclay kissed her daughter's forehead and left the room as Bethel Stuart entered it.

"How very late!" pouted Edith, withdrawing herself from his arms that he might not kiss her.

"I have had something to do which took me from town for a few hours."

"I don't see what," said Edith, petulantly.

"How should you, my dear?" resumed Mr. Stuart, with an absent air. "A few of Walter Steyn's things were forwarded to me from Washington by my directions. This afternoon I took the cars and delivered them myself to Miss Fitz Hugh. Poor girl, my heart bleeds for her. Edith, I must take you out there. And some day we will beg your mamma's permission to bring her here for a week or fortnight. The novelty of city life may divert her mind."

"She won't want to be gay. It will be so stupid having her *here*."

An expression of painful surprise crossed Mr. Stuart's face.

"You would be very much interested in her were you to see her," he replied, gravely. "Will you let me take you there some time?"

Edith would not speak, but sat with coldly averted face.

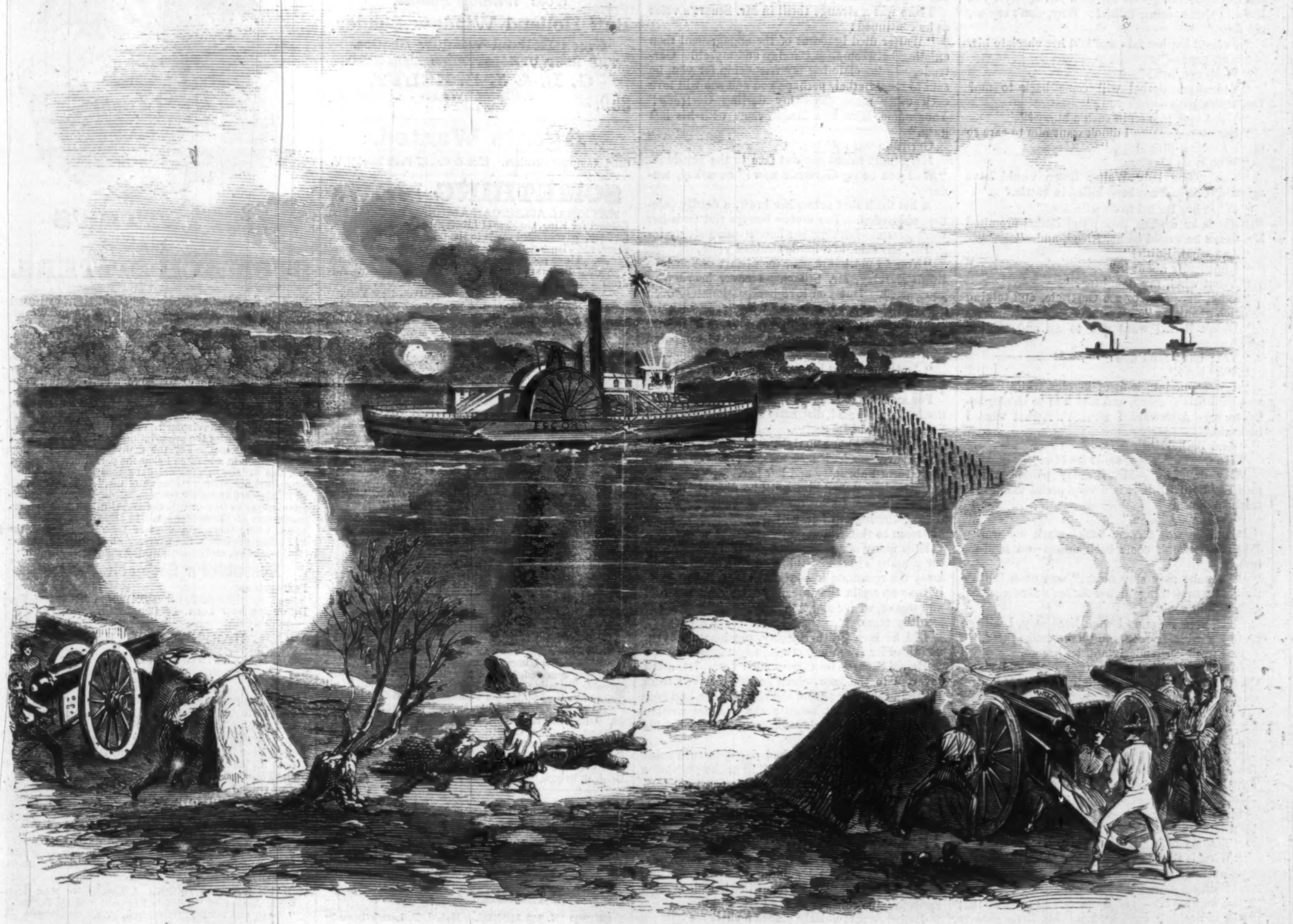
"Edith, Edith!" cried Mr. Stuart, drawing her toward him, "where are your warm generous impulses? I scarcely recognize my darling in this strange mood." He imprisoned both her fair hands in one of his, and holding her close to his breast, gazed long and earnestly into her drooping face.

Presently her eyelids began to quiver, the pouting mouth grew tremulous. She burst into tears.

"You don't love me," she sobbed, hiding her face upon his shoulder.

There were no grieving accents in her tones. Mr. Stuart did not try to soothe her, but allowed the passionate tears to fall, still holding her tenderly to him. When at length he did speak, which was merely to pronounce her name, Edith started at the grave tone. Raising her head rather proudly, she strove to withdraw from the strong arms which held her, but in vain.

Bethel forced her to turn her face to his. He was all gentleness, but so grave, almost stern, Edith fancied.



THE STEAMER "ESCORT" RUNNING THE REBEL BATTERIES NEAR WASHINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.—[See Page 299.]

"Are you distressed at the sympathy and interest I have felt for poor, dead Walter's Gertrude? Is it so, Edith? is it so?"

He awaited her reply anxiously. It came at last with a snap of fretfulness.

"You can go out there and comfort Miss Fitz Hugh as often as you choose. It won't make one bit of difference to any one in this house. Harry Lane will take me to parties and the Opera."

Bethel put her away from him, but not hastily.

"You are not a baby, Edith, to be coaxed back to smiles."

"It has been nothing but Gertrude, Gertrude, for the last two months," she pouted.

Mr. Stuart put a strong restraint upon himself before he again trusted his voice.

"God grant I have not been deceived in you, my precious Edith! But understand me once for all. I shall not cast off Miss Fitz Hugh for this unwarrantable whim of yours. She has no friends, and I promised my friend Walter Steyn, when he lay dying upon the battle-field, that I would befriend her."

He paused to wipe the large drops of perspiration from his forehead.

"Choose between us," cried Edith, bitterly.

"Take care, take care, Edith," said Mr. Stuart, sternly: "you are rash—"

"I mean it," she replied, with a light, mocking laugh. "I will never retract what I have said."

"Be it so, then." Mr. Stuart's brow and lips grew white. His voice sounded strangely to his own ears. "You have no pity on yourself. Farewell!"

Edith Barclay drew herself up haughtily, and bowed with the stately grace of a duchess. But when the door closed upon Bethel Stuart, she flung herself upon the sofa, and, hiding her face among the cushions, sobbed as though her heart would break.

Half an hour later, hearing her father's step in the hall, she started up hastily, pushing back the heavy braids from her wet cheeks.

"Papa," she said, going to meet him, laying her little hand upon his arm, "don't ring for coffee yet. I want to tell you something."

"Tears, Edith? tears? Why, where is Bethel? I don't see him here."

"That is the trouble, papa. I suppose I *have* treated him rather badly, and he has gone off."

Mr. Barclay whistled, his eyes turned up to the ceiling.

"And when is he coming back, my dear?" he asked, laying his forefinger against the side of his nose, glancing slyly at his daughter.

"Now, papa, don't—don't make fun of me," she said, throwing her arms around her father's neck, drawing him down to a chair, and seating herself upon his knee. "I know you think it is nothing but a silly quarrel; but indeed—"

Edith burst into tears.

"Well, well, my pet! I am not laughing at you: only thinking over my own young days, you know. Come, come, Edith! Why, don't cry so, my dear."

He raised her hot face and laid her cheek to his.

"But, papa—"

"Well, my love?"

"You think Bethel will come back to me? Don't you, papa—don't you?"

"What took him off in such a hurry?"

"Because—because I didn't want him to care so much for Miss Fitz Hugh."

"Who is *she*?"

"The young lady Walter Steyn would have married if he had not been killed in battle."

"What has Bethel to do with *her*?"

"She is an orphan, papa; and Bethel promised Mr. Steyn he would be her friend, and—"

"And what, Edith?"

"I felt badly about it."

"About what, my daughter?"

"Why, his going to see Gertrude, and talking so much about her."

"Didn't Bethel want you to go and see her too?"

"Yes; but I can't now."

"Why not?"

"I went off into a fit of heroics while Bethel was here this evening, and told him to choose between us. Afterward I wouldn't retract what I had said."

"And Bethel?"

"He went off, papa, and I let him."

"My daughter"—Mr. Barclay paused a moment—"Bethel Stuart is a very proud man. He respects himself."

"Yes, papa; go on."

"And he won't come back—mark my words, Edith!—he won't come back unless you send for him."

"Then he may stay away," was upon Edith's lips; but something in her father's face checked such a light reply.

"Tell your mamma I want her—stay, I will go up to her dressing-room, and have coffee there."

He kissed her tenderly and let her go.

June came with her fragrant buds and vines. On every way-side bough the little birds held protracted meetings.

Surely, silently, under the influence of the sweet summer sunshine, the clouds of pride overshadowing Edith Barclay's heart dispersed.

"Papa," she said, one day, following her father from the dining-room into the hall, shyly putting a little note into his hand, "would you send that—to—to—Mr. Stuart?"

Mr. Barclay rapidly ran his eye over his daughter's delicate handwriting.

"Yes, my dear," he said, sadly.

"What is the matter, papa?" Edith asked, glancing uneasily at him.

"Nothing now. I was thinking, my love, that if you were *too late*—you understand me—why that there is nothing contained in this little note to cause you any after-feeling of embarrassment."

"But I *don't* understand," said Edith, simply.

"Never mind, love. I hope I *may* be mistaken in some of my ideas."

Mr. Barclay sighed, and hastily tucked his umbrella under his arm.

"Better send it by Thomas this afternoon before he brings the carriage round. Good-day, my dear."

That evening several of Edith's friends came in. Mr. Barclay watched his daughter narrowly. There was a flush upon her cheek, and a light within her eye which he did not like.

Their young guests dispersed, he drew her toward him, folding her to his heart.

"You are anxious and nervous, darling."

"No, papa, not now," she said, in a clear, calm voice. "See, I have his answer already." She drew a little crumpled note from underneath her belt, quietly replacing it.

"I partly forfeited his respect that evening, I fancy—my long silence has done the rest. Papa, do you remember the day you brought me home those beautiful fuschias, and told me to give up pouting or I would be too tardy? But I was very willful then, was I not, papa?" She gazed up into her father's face with a sad, wistful expression, then quietly bowed her forehead upon his arm.

"Edith, I shall take you to Europe. You sha'n't stay here," said Mr. Barclay, in a husky voice.

"Does mamma know?" he asked, presently.

She shook her head.

"Will you tell her, papa? I did not dare; it will bring on one of those distressing sick headaches."

The pearl which Bethel Stuart had carried so long within his bosom—hidden, as he profoundly thought, from human ken—which he had day by day cherished more and more: waiting, waiting never so patiently for the day when he might discover it to the fond, shy eyes of Edith Barclay—what then? "Too late, too late:" she had come seeking for that which was not; and the June showers wept Amen upon the trees.

Time sheathed his remorseless summer scythe, sweet clover tops no longer swayed bashfully to the south wind, golden rods flashing gloriously in the sunlight—tender blades of grasses—buds, lilies, blossoms: where were they garnered?

Scarlet leaves were falling upon their graves.

A little while, and Father Time, with touch more delicate than a woman's, spread a white mantle over the ruin he had wrought.

And the young days of the new year flew by, and April came, coaxing with many tears the crocuses into bloom.

Gertrude Fitz Hugh bent eagerly over them in Aunt Milly's garden, and, gathering a bunch, held them up delightedly to Mr. Stuart.

He imprisoned her slender wrist in a gentle grasp, brushing his cheek against the pretty flowers. Gertrude's eyes fell beneath his gaze.

"Gertrude, the last words of Walter Steyn have never passed my lips. Will you listen to me?"

Gertrude Fitz Hugh started violently. A tremulous sigh fluttered to her lips. She did not speak, but waited patiently.

There was a strange thrill in Mr. Stuart's voice as he continued:

"Walter died ignorant of the engagement then existing between Miss Barclay and myself. Gertrude, besides claiming my friendship for you, he said to me, 'Bethel, perhaps you and she will love each other some day—my darling Gertrude!' Your name, Miss Fitz Hugh, came with his last gasp."

Gertrude was sobbing.

Mr. Stuart raised her wet face to the sunshine. "Will you be *my* Gertrude now?" he asked, tenderly.

A hot flush shot across her brow, a deadly paleness succeeded. The crocus flowers slid from her weak grasp. Locking her hands convulsively together, she said, in a hard, strained voice,

"You do not know your own heart. You love Edith Barclay, Mr. Stuart. I never heard why you parted. But you love her passionately even *now*. And—she—I saw her white face with its fitful flushings one day in the city, while Aunt Milly and I were shopping. Afterward I compared your two faces and thought you were to blame."

"And you do not love me, Gertrude?" he asked, stooping to pick up her flowers.

For an instant her lips quivered too rapidly for words, then she said, distinctly and resolutely, with a touch of pride,

"I think you have no right to offer me your love, Mr. Stuart."

He turned abruptly and left her.

Gertrude watched him until he disappeared behind the lilac boughs at the end of the long garden, then gathering up her wilted blossoms, went to her room to think.

How many of us have sought the seclusion of *our* chambers to *think*—think how we may best put away the remnants of a bright dream, and patiently take up again the threads of daily human life, and weave, weave monotonously, to the flow of our stealthy tears.

Did he love Edith Barclay, passionately even, as Miss Fitz Hugh had confidently asserted?

Bethel Stuart's heart responded Yes. His mind reverted to the note which he had received from Edith in the early part of the last summer, and how nettled he had felt because she had not written sooner. From that day forth he had steeled his heart against her.

Now a woman's hand had dared to turn aside the keen points of pride, bristling at the port-holes of his heart, and lo! there was his pearl not lost, only hidden.

Again he stood in Mrs. Barclay's softly lighted parlors and heard Edith's light step upon the stair. Not rapid as of yore, when springing to welcome him, but slowly, almost reluctantly, he fancied.

His heart throbbed painfully as she came into the room, a slight blush mantling her cheek, and spreading in crimson tides to neck and brow.

Bethel Stuart quietly placed a chair for her.

"I must beg you to bear with me patiently for a few moments." He paused, his emotion broke through all barriers.

"Edith! Edith! can you forgive?" he cried.

She raised her eyes to his face with a shy, surprised look. A soft, half-dreamy light stole into them.

"Edith! Edith!" he repeated, pleadingly holding out his arms to her.

She came to him, and with the movement of a weary child laid her head upon his breast.

"We are both of us wiser and better now, are we not?" he whispered, softly.

CAMPAIGNING IN LOUISIANA.

The picture on page 289, illustrating Picket Duty in the Swamps of Louisiana, shows what our brave soldiers have to encounter in their campaign under General Banks. Alligators and rattlesnakes abound on the bayous and in the swamps, and all manner of unpleasant creeping, flying, and walking creatures swarm under the luxuriant tropical vegetation. Campaigning in such a region has its charm; but it has its drawbacks too.

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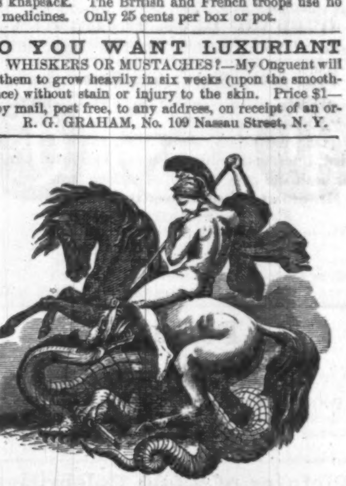

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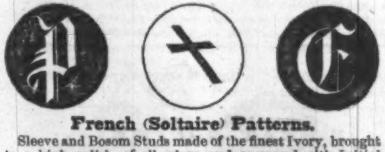

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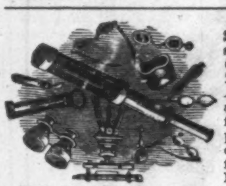

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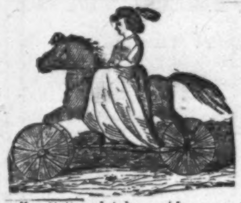

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